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THE ELECTIONS.

WITH the exception of the Scotch Universities and of the remote Orkney Islands, all the constituencies have now returned their members. There have, therefore, been returned 649 out of 652 members, and the members returned consist of 351 Liberals, 236 Conservatives, and 62 Home Rulers. The Liberals have thus a majority of 53 over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined. But the occasion on which all Home Rulers and all Conservatives would unite is very difficult to conceive. The more violent section of the Home Rulers will probably vote against a Liberal Government, as it would vote against a Conservative Government. The moderate section will either vote with a Liberal Government or abstain from voting. The pending Scotch elections may probably result in the return of one Conservative and two Liberals. The position of parties in the new Parliament will therefore be that the Liberals will be 353 to 237 Conservatives—that is, the former will have a majority of 116, while this majority may be decreased or increased by the Irish vote. In 1868 Mr. GLADSTONE had a majority of 120, but this included all the Irish members who were in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Until the Irish Universities Bill divided the party, the non-Conservative Irish vote was always at the command of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the new Parliament the Liberal majority without the Irish vote will be almost exactly as strong as the Liberal majority was in 1868 with the Irish vote. It is obvious, therefore, that the Liberals are much stronger now than they were in 1868. How it happens that they are so strong now is being gradually cleared up as the history of different elections becomes known. The Conservatives have put forth their whole strength, but so have the Liberals, and the first cause of the Liberal victory is that the Liberals have worked with enthusiasm and with a much improved organization. But, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be right in thinking that organization has done much for his party, enthusiasm has done more. Contest after contest has been won by obscure, unpaid, fervent canvassers. Crotchets have been thrown aside and the party has been thoroughly united. Moderate Liberals have not, as a rule, forsaken their party. There have been exceptions in London and in some portion of the educated classes. But they have been numerically few. Moderate Liberals have voted for Lord HARTINGTON, and advanced Liberals have voted for Mr. GLADSTONE. The Liberal party, moderate or advanced, meant to win, and if it really meant to win it was sure to win. No less than fifty-seven seats now gained by the Liberals were lost to them in 1874. They had so far only to reconquer their old ground. But, although the Liberal party was sure to win, in the sense that it would greatly reduce or annihilate the Conservative majority, it is impossible to say that it was likely to win to anything like the extent to which it has won. Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, when returning to his friends at Hawarden after his triumph in East Worcestershire, told his hearers that long ago Mr. ADAM had informed him that the Liberals would in the next Parliament have a majority of forty, clear of the Home Rulers. This certainly was a remarkable prophecy; but it must be remembered that it is the business of a Whip to keep up the spirits of his party, and Mr. ADAM may have thought that a handsome round figure was the kind of thing to keep up Mr. WILLIAM

GLADSTONE's spirits. It was impossible that even Mr. ADAM should really know all the causes that would be at work at the particular crisis of the dissolution in favour of the Liberals. To take only one instance—how could he have foreseen that Lord BEACONSFIELD would pen a manifesto that would damage and discredit his party, and would prompt numbers who were inclined to view without disapprobation the general conduct of the Cabinet to resolve that, so far as they could affect the decision, he should be displaced from the direction of public affairs?

The Liberal gains have been, speaking roughly, in four quarters—in the moderate-sized boroughs, which are now almost entirely represented by Liberals; in the counties, in Wales, and in Scotland. In all these quarters there were some common causes of Liberal success, of which the chief were a disposition to regard the contest as a personal one between Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord BEACONSFIELD, and a strong preference for the former, a growing confidence in and admiration for Lord HARTINGTON, a conviction that the last Parliament did not represent the real strength of the Liberal party, and a vague persuasion that a Liberal Ministry would reduce taxation. Perhaps beyond all is to be placed the success of success. Early Liberal triumphs propagated later ones, and it so happened that there was not a single day in which there was not a balance of Liberal gains to record. The zeal of the Nonconformists also made itself felt in every constituency where Liberals won the seat; and it was probably stimulated by the fact that on this occasion the English Roman Catholic vote was given to the Conservatives. But there were also special causes at work in each quarter. In the boroughs a chief—if not the chief—of these causes was indignation at the line taken by the publicans. It is difficult, except from actual observation, to picture the resentment aroused in the minds of small unpretending householders by the flaunting Conservatism of the beersellers, and by the difficulty which humble Liberals felt where to turn to get a glass of beer in peace. In the counties the Government suffered many reverses on account of their Agricultural Holdings Act. For electioneering purposes the Government would have done much better to have introduced no Act affecting agricultural holdings. The farmers considered that the Act had been brought in for their benefit, and then found the benefit illusory. A Liberal candidate had only to enumerate the landowners of the county who had contracted themselves out of the Act, and to ask what good the Act could possibly be supposed to have done to the farmers he addressed. They would not so much have minded their old Conservative friends having done nothing for them, but they were irritated by something having been done for them which turned out to be nothing. In Wales the Liberals had a godsend in the shape of Mr. MARTEN's Act. Here, again, if the Conservatives had done nothing, but merely resisted Mr. MORGAN's Burials Bill, they would at least have given no new handle of offence. But an Act which treated the burial of Dissenters as a merely sanitary measure, and proposed to put rural districts to expense in order to provide cemeteries, was easily represented as at once a personal insult to Dissenters and a wanton attack on their pockets. It is needless to say that Conservatives may reasonably insist that these interpretations of the Agricultural Holdings Act and of Mr. MARTEN's Act were unwarranted and unfair. But it is not necessary, in examining why electors voted as they did, to ask also whether they

were justified in so voting. The first thing after an election is to collect facts rather than to reason on them. In Scotland Mr. GLADSTONE did more perhaps than elsewhere to win elections. But long before Mr. GLADSTONE opened his Midlothian campaign, those who were acquainted with Scotch constituencies were sure that the Liberals would gain at the next election. Scotch electors busied themselves with the foreign policy of the Government much more than English electors did, and for some reason they disapproved of it from the first, and never wavered in their disapproval. There has, too, in recent years been growing in Scotland what may be termed a sense of equality rather than a passion for it. Humble Scotchmen not only say, but think, that one man is as good as his neighbour; and, although traditional feelings make them very glad to find one of their gentry on their own side, they regard the humiliation of a Conservative landlord as a proper tribute to their own importance.

It remains to say a few words on the Irish elections. There are 62 Home Rulers, 16 Liberals, and 25 Conservatives. The Liberals remain as they were. They have lost four seats to Conservatives and gained five from them. They have won two seats from Home Rulers and lost three to them. The Conservatives have lost five seats to Home Rulers and won none from them. The Home Rulers gain in the whole six seats, five from Conservatives and one from a Liberal. The gains of the Conservatives from Liberals were in the small constituencies of Carrickfergus, Coleraine, Enniskillen, and Newry. The gains of the Liberals from Conservatives were in the much more important constituencies of Donegal, Monaghan, Tyrone, and Dublin City. In the same way, the gains of Liberals from Home Rulers were in the small constituencies of Athlone and Dundalk, while their losses to Home Rulers were in Cork City, Kerry, and Kildare. The more important constituencies, therefore, so far prefer Liberals as against Conservatives, and Home Rulers as against Liberals. In Monaghan, Tyrone, and Donegal the influence of the priests or of the Presbyterian ministry was used in support of the Liberals, and in Dublin City the Roman Catholic ARCHBISHOP bestowed his blessing on the Home Ruler and the Liberal impartially. But the great interest of the Irish elections has centred in the attack of Mr. PARNELL on weak-kneed Home Rulers. He has arrived like a thunderbolt in constituency after constituency, and has imposed himself or a faithful follower on the electors. He has been returned for Cork City, Mayo, and Meath. He has turned out, as deficient in earnest devotion to the cause, Mr. O'CLERY in Wexford, Major O'GORMAN in Waterford, Mr. KING HARMAN in Sligo, The O'CONOR DON in Roscommon, Mr. MURPHY in Cork City, and he did his best to turn out Colonel COULTHURST in Cork County; and in Mayo he took the trouble personally to extinguish Mr. BROWN, for no other avowed fault except that the object of his displeasure had the audacity to own land. The priests have, almost without exception, strongly opposed him when they have thought him interfering in the business of other people; although in the county of Meath, which he represented in the last Parliament, they have ordered collections to be made at the doors of the churches to defray his election expenses. His most active lieutenant is Mr. FINIGAN, who has promised solemnly never to rest until he has persuaded a Saxon Parliament to pass a law enacting that an Irish farmer shall first live in complete personal comfort, then pay his general debts, and, lastly, give any balance there may be in his pocket to his landlord for rent. There is therefore every prospect of Mr. FINIGAN having a long and busy career. It is estimated that Mr. PARNELL's personal following will have risen from six in the last Parliament to 25 in the new Parliament. With this support he has pledged himself to quarrel with every English Government that can possibly be formed; and in a few weeks he will have the pleasure of beginning his campaign.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the caprice of the constituencies and the triumph of numbers over intelligence cause just alarm, sanguine minds will find consolation in some of the circumstances of the election. Sir GEORGE BOWYER justly attributes the defeat of the Ministers in part to their unaccountable rashness in precipitating the dissolution. It

is certain that large numbers of ignorant voters desired a change merely because industry had been depressed during three or four years. A revival of trade and a good harvest would have conciliated much unreasoning opposition, but the Conservative party would not in any case have obtained a majority. The lines of political division tend more and more to coincide with the social stratification; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE said at Hawarden, in slightly varied words, commercial wealth, diffused competence, and property are, in the eyes of the faction which he leads, disqualifications for the exercise of electoral power. Under the present Constitution, and still more when the proposed change in the suffrage shall have been accomplished, the advocates of innovation are likely to be almost always on the stronger side. Uniform household suffrage, attended by the establishment of approximately equal electoral districts, will deprive landowners of the remnant of influence which they still exercise in counties, and it will in a great measure disfranchise tenant farmers. The levity with which Lord HARTINGTON some years since pledged himself and his party to the change may probably be explained by the conscious security of position which is often found among social magnates. The probable abstinence of his Radical followers from any immediate display of mutinous independence will be explained by their knowledge that the approaching Reform Bill will bring them large reinforcements.

Optimists will place some reliance on the personal composition of the House of Commons. If Ireland is left out of consideration, there has, since the first Reform Bill, been no Parliament in which a larger proportion of members belonged to the wealthy and to the educated classes. The great majority hold the rank of gentlemen, as the term is conventionally understood; and many members, old and new, are above the average in ability and attainments. The factitious agitation for the direct representation of the working class has for the time almost wholly subsided. One of two artisan candidates who proposed themselves for election was rejected by a large majority of a popular constituency, and Mr. BROADHURST, who sits for Stoke, is at least preferable to his predecessor. One additional tenant-farmer has been elected; and one who was well known and highly respected has lost his seat by unlucky mismanagement of votes. If the House of Commons were unpledged, and if it were during its term independent of constituents, it might command as much confidence as it is possible to repose in any English Legislature. Two or three members of questionable character are always to be found in a numerous assembly, and there is no reason to suppose that they will have any weight among their colleagues. The Irish managers have not been well advised in selecting candidates without regard to social status, to local connexion, or to personal fitness. Some theorists approve the entrance into Parliament of even the lowest demagogues, on the ground that they will find themselves powerless; but it is not desirable to provide rewards for vulgar agitation. The majority of the Liberal party in the House of Commons strongly sympathizes with the less reactionary section of its defeated antagonists; but, without the faintest propensity to revolutionary policy, it will support all the measures which may be proposed by its leaders. In its first Session Parliament will probably occupy itself with legislation of secondary importance. Mr. LOWE's anxiety to strike while the iron is hot will scarcely be shared either by the Ministry or by the House of Commons. It will be impossible to deal with the complicated subject of land tenure during the approaching summer; and immediately after an election there can be no need for hurry in deteriorating the electoral system. The Burials Bill and the reduction of the borough franchise in Ireland will probably satisfy for the moment the popular appetite for change.

One of the most surprising peculiarities of the election was the tacit refusal of the constituencies to interest themselves in the questions which had been proposed to them by the leaders of both parties as main political issues. It is doubtful whether half a dozen seats have been won or lost through any predilection or prejudice of the electors with respect to Eastern or Indian policy. That no Conservatives have been converted by the violent and virulent declamations of Mr. GLADSTONE and his humbler imitators is proved by the large increase of the number of voters whom they polled. The much larger body by which they were defeated belonged, for the most part, to a class which knows and cares nothing about

foreign politics. Denunciations of the extravagance and turbulence of the worst and wickedest Government on record served, at most, to stimulate the democratic instinct which required no artificial pressure. With the doubtful exception of the member for Dundee, who had practically become a convert to Conservatism, none of the many Liberals who had supported the foreign policy of the Government suffered for their patriotic independence. Mr. WALTER, Mr. EUSTACE SMITH, Mr. BEAUMONT, and many other Liberal opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's agitation have been re-elected; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he must have deeply resented the conscientious defection of an advanced Liberal supporter, thought it prudent to commend the resolution of the electors of Newcastle to return Mr. COWEN. The exultation of the aggressive faction in Russia, and the uneasiness which prevails in other parts of the Continent, may perhaps be justified by the language formerly used by the Liberal leaders; but it is founded on a mistake, as far as it assumes a change in the opinions of the English people. Their verdict, as far as it has been in any sense taken, is neither for nor against Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. It is only in times of unusual excitement that large bodies of men can persuade themselves to be enthusiastic on questions which they are incapable of understanding. In spite of the appeals of demagogues, the country habitually entrusts foreign policy to the conduct of the responsible Government. There can be little doubt that, if Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON control foreign affairs, they will, as far as possible, continue for the present the policy of their predecessors. No prudent calculator will undertake to trace beforehand the orbit which Mr. GLADSTONE may describe. It is only certain that his conduct would be regulated by sympathies and antipathies restrained as little as possible either by considerations of expediency or by diplomatic or historical knowledge. Six years ago Mr. GLADSTONE had taken as little interest in Turkish affairs as in other branches of foreign policy. His possible interference will not be rendered safer or easier through his wanton declarations of hostility to Austria. There is still reason to hope that the fortunes of the country may be placed in other hands.

Domestic legislation is likely in the present Parliament to be more important than foreign policy. Some of the largest measures on which the extreme Liberals are bent will not be brought forward for the moment. The Nonconformist ministers, who have been the most active election agents, scarcely hope to carry disestablishment until their strength is increased by the extension of the suffrage. It is doubtful whether any sweeping change in the laws relating to land will be soon effected. Lord SELBORNE expressed approval both of the Land Bills introduced by Lord CAIRNS and of his prudence in contenting himself with a moderate change. On this subject, as well as on the alteration of the franchise, Lord HARTINGTON has perhaps pledged himself prematurely. It is probable that in the course of two or three years new subjects may acquire a prominence which is not yet perceptible. Every movement will have a democratic origin and tendency, and its success will depend on preponderance of force rather than on the merits of special measures. The temper of the new House of Commons will not be revolutionary, except as far as it is affected by external pressure. The party of resistance will be in a minority both in the House and in the country, but the election shows that it will represent a large body of opinion. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's sneers at station and property, it is not an insignificant circumstance that the present Government should have been supported by London, Westminster, Greenwich, and by a large party in the Tower Hamlets, and that it should have carried all the metropolitan counties. Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Sussex, and Hampshire have not returned a single Liberal member. In Hertfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire, the same preference was given to the Conservatives, though in either county the minority returned a third member. The Opposition have conquered the West Riding of Yorkshire; but Lancashire is still equally divided, and the great town of Liverpool is on the same side with the City of London. In all or nearly all the constituencies which have been enumerated the middle class is predominant. In South-West Lancashire the independent electors defeated the influence of Lord DERBY and Lord SEFTON. It may be roughly conjectured that the actual and retired tradesmen, the merchants and

clerks, and the professional men, who thirty years ago were generally Liberal, have now joined the Conservative party. Although they are largely outnumbered, they cannot be left out of consideration in an estimate of political forces.

AFGHANISTAN.

A JOURNAL which is perhaps feeling its way to a change of party blames the Government for having, on the eve of its retirement from office, made a permanent and perhaps irrevocable arrangement of the affairs of an Afghan province. There might be some foundation for the censure if the new settlement of Candahar had been made after the English elections; but it is nearly certain that the appointment of SHERE ALI as chief, or Wali, had been completed before the reverse of the Ministerial fortunes. The Indian Government must have resolved on converting Candahar into a protected State when the railway was projected, for it is highly improbable that a work so important and so costly should have been undertaken, if the maintenance and use of the line was to be contingent on the policy of an independent Afghan Government. Lord LYTTON's responsibility in the matter is undoubtedly covered by the authority of the English Cabinet. It would be premature to form a positive opinion on the policy of the measure, until the reasons and circumstances are officially explained. It has long been known that Indian politicians of one school have thought it expedient either to occupy Candahar, or to secure a paramount control over its native Government. Other writers of authority contend that Khelat should form the limit or terminus of English enterprise in that direction. General KAYE has lately argued in a published letter that it is useless to incur the expense and risk of holding an advanced frontier, when the possession of the passes enables an English force at any time to occupy Candahar and, if necessary, to advance on Cabul. The Government has preferred the bolder policy, and it ought not to be supposed that those who had the amplest means of knowledge were necessarily in the wrong. It would be rash to place implicit trust in the loyalty of any Afghan chief; but thus far SHERE ALI has justified a confidence which is not inconsistent with judicious precautions. The most obvious objection to the plan is that it burdens the Indian Treasury and War Office with the maintenance of the troops at the disposal of the Residence, far in advance of the old frontier of the Empire. On the other hand, a friendly Government at Candahar will serve to counteract the turbulence of the remoter provinces of Afghanistan.

It is difficult to ascertain by a comparison of conflicting statements how far the Afghan tribes are connected with one another by a sentiment of national unity. It is easy to understand that a ruler of Cabul would consider himself entitled to reign over all the dominions which had at any time been united under his most powerful predecessor. It is not equally certain that Candahar would prefer the supremacy of Cabul to qualified independence under an English protectorate. It is possible to lay too much stress on the phrases which have been used by English politicians of both parties. An independent and friendly Afghan kingdom practically means a trustworthy subordinate ally. The Treaty of Gundamak renewed the obligation more or less voluntarily incurred by DOST MAHOMMED, that he should allow to the Indian Government the direction of his foreign policy. In his time the covenant took the form of a promise to consider the friends and enemies respectively of the Imperial Power as also his own. To the same effect YAKOOB KHAN undertook to submit the regulation of his foreign policy to the Viceroy or his Resident at Cabul. The essential condition of the policy which has been pursued from time to time by different methods was not that Afghanistan should be independent, but that it should be friendly. The Candahar settlement is a bold experiment tried in the hope of securing the friendship of one part of Afghanistan which is important by its position. One of the considerations which moved the English and Indian Governments was probably a desire to open a new commercial route and market. SHERE ALI, in his independence and during the professed continuance of friendly relations, obstinately refused to admit English travellers and traders into his dominions. They will now be able to proceed at least as far as Candahar; and, if the protectorate continues and the railway is kept open, the city and province will pro-

bably enter on a course of unprecedented prosperity. The Indian Treasury may perhaps not profit immediately by the encouragement of trade, but it is part of the duty of the Government to encourage by legitimate business the enterprise of English and native traders. An arbitrary reversal by the future Ministry of the decisive measure which has been adopted would be unjustifiable unless it were founded on reasons which are not at present known.

It will fortunately not be possible, even if it were thought desirable, to interrupt the movement on Ghuznee which is now in progress. It is confidently asserted that the fortress is incapable of resisting modern artillery, and no doubt seems to be entertained of Sir DONALD STEWART'S early success. The chiefs who have visited Cabul for the purpose of negotiation appear to be of secondary rank, but it is supposed that their presence indicates doubt and division among the insurgents. It was a matter of course that their request for a suspension of operations against Ghuznee should be summarily disregarded. Whatever cost or exertion may be required would be preferable to the possession by a hostile or doubtful force of a stronghold commanding more than one of the roads from the Indian frontier to Cabul. Some of the neighbouring tribes which have lately been engaged in petty hostilities against the garrison of Ghuznee may perhaps be inclined to co-operate with the English troops. It may be hoped that resistance in the southern and eastern provinces will be suppressed before it becomes necessary to deal with the most formidable claimant of the Afghan throne. If current reports can be trusted, ABDURRAHMAN is consolidating his power in Afghan-Turkestan, and probably some of the unemployed soldiery from other provinces may have taken service under him. According to a recent telegram from Cabul, he announces that he will shortly arrive in Kohistan, where all the chiefs have promised to welcome him. If European notions of succession prevailed in Afghanistan, ABDURRAHMAN, as the eldest son of the eldest son, would be the legitimate heir of DOST MAHOMMED. His title derives some valid support from the military and political ability which he is said to have displayed during the long dynastic struggle which followed the death of DOST MAHOMMED. If the Indian Government has engaged in any negotiation with the pretender, its secret has thus far been kept. It is not a conclusive objection to the recognition of ABDURRAHMAN that he was for many years a Russian prisoner, and that he has been lately released for the apparent purpose of causing embarrassment to the Indian Government. It is not probable that gratitude would interfere with his regard for his own interests, if he were fully satisfied that his establishment at Herat depends on the favour of the Viceroy. It would be inconvenient that he should attribute any overtures which he may receive to fear of his success in an independent enterprise.

Notwithstanding the recent violence of clamour and invective, there is reason to hope that the new Government and Parliament will not allow the domestic and foreign policy of India to become a subject of party recrimination or conflict. The Duke of ARGYLL has disqualified himself by his writings and his speeches from any official connexion with Indian affairs. Lord HARTINGTON afterwards retracted or explained away a hasty declaration that it would be desirable to evacuate Afghanistan as soon as possible. The House of Commons, though it contains an overwhelming number of opponents of the present Government, will be less unequally divided on questions of foreign and of Indian policy. The minority of the Opposition which gave a patriotic support to Lord BEACONSFIELD still forms a portion of the Liberal party; and a hasty determination to renounce the advantages derived from great and costly efforts would be highly unpopular in the country. It is much to be regretted that several members and candidates of Indian experience have been defeated at the election because they were political supporters of the Government. Mr. SETON-KARR, Mr. C. DENNISON, and Mr. SMOLLETT possess a special knowledge in which the House of Commons is generally deficient. It is extremely unfortunate that Sir RICHARD TEMPLE should have failed to obtain the seat for Worcestershire for which he was willing to exchange one of the highest posts in India. The railway to Candahar, which is intimately connected with the policy of the Indian Government, will have been in a great measure the result of Sir R. TEMPLE'S energy. It is

a bad consequence of the recent encroachments of faction on public spirit that nearly all the leaders of the Liberal party have pledged themselves to positive opinions on Indian policy, instead of reserving their freedom of judgment. They are welcome to throw all responsibility on their predecessors, if only they carry measures already commenced to their legitimate conclusion.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S WAYS.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been going through another of his resignations. Germany and Europe are so thoroughly accustomed to these resignations, and know so exactly what they mean, that no one on this occasion misinterpreted what Prince BISMARCK was doing. When Prince BISMARCK resigns the process is totally unconnected with his tenure of office. He is merely using a form of advertisement. Something has happened which he does not like, or something which he wishes to see done is left undone. In order to have his way he has only to let the world know that he wishes to have it. He must help the public to understand that he really attaches importance to the matter he has in hand. The method he adopts is singular and original, but effectual. He writes a letter to the EMPEROR, saying that he really must resign; and, before the EMPEROR has had time to read the letter, he sends to the papers to let them know that the letter has been sent. With the shortest possible delay the EMPEROR replies that he would rather cut off his right hand than part with his beloved CHANCELLOR. This letter is in its turn sent to the newspapers, and then everything is complete. Prince BISMARCK has registered his decree, and all the world obeys it. On this occasion the decree he has chosen to register is that there shall be a penny stamp on post-office orders. This does not seem a very grand cause of so great a disturbance, but it meant much more than it seemed to mean. The Federal Council had ventured to resist the imposition of this trifling tax, although Prince BISMARCK had directed that it should be imposed. The voting power of Prussia in the Federal Council is by no means proportionate to her wealth, population, and authority, and while in the division on the stamp duty Prussia with her immediate allies could only muster twenty-eight votes, the minor States told thirty votes, and Prussia and the CHANCELLOR were beaten. Of course, when the powerful resignation machinery was brought into play, the Federal Council acted in a spirit of what has been aptly described as repentant cheerfulness, and was quite ready to put any stamp on anything. But this was not enough. Repentance was good, but security for proper conduct in the future was better. Nothing annoyed Prince BISMARCK so much as that almost all the votes of the recalcitrants had been given by proxy. One member who attended had no fewer than thirteen votes in his pocket. This seemed to Prince BISMARCK a most pernicious abuse, and he thought that he might get rid of the resistance of the Federal Council without altering its constitution if he only stopped voting by proxy. He has a legitimate confidence in himself, and he feels reasonably sure that the representatives of the small States, although they are bold enough behind his back, and send proxies that may be used against him, dare not look him in the face and vote the wrong way. He has therefore decreed that proxies shall be abolished; and, what with its repentant cheerfulness and its members being made to come to look at him, the Federal Council has no doubt been brought sufficiently to its senses, and is not likely to give him any more trouble. The only criticism his success provokes is that it is his success. Prince BISMARCK is the German Empire, and a German Empire without Prince BISMARCK will be altogether a new creation.

In some directions Prince BISMARCK is carrying out his general policy with vigilance and success. He has invented another step for Germany to take in the direction of Protection. The German coasting trade is not quite so much in the hands of Germans as patriotic Germans could wish. Dutchmen and Danes manage to pick a meagre livelihood out of the unattractive process of creeping from one German port to another, and these interlopers are to be scared away. Justice, as it is put, is to be done to German shipowners, and upon Protectionist principles it is quite just that, as it is the business of the

community to enable German shipowners to live, everything should be done to enable them to live as comfortably as possible. Then Socialism is, it is said, growing discouraged under the influence of the wise system of repression which Prince BISMARCK has happily established. There has been an election in one of the districts of Berlin, and the Socialists have polled under three thousand votes now, while in 1878 they polled upwards of seven thousand. Professor VIRCHOW, the successful candidate, brings to the Chamber a European reputation, and he is a Progressist. This means that he is a Parliamentary enemy of Prince BISMARCK, and his return appears to have been greatly facilitated by the abstention of the Conservative voters. So far his success is not all that could be wished; but at any rate the Socialists appear to have been momentarily or permanently eclipsed, and so far repression has answered. Slowly, too—very slowly, but still perhaps surely—Prince BISMARCK is making way with his project for reconciliation with the Vatican. But he has faithfully redeemed his promise not to go to Canossa. Both sides are to give way if his scheme is realized, but his side is not to begin. The Vatican must start first on the road of peace. If the bishops and priests are ordered to behave pleasantly to the State, to forget all that has passed, and to work with the authorities in an affable and conciliatory manner, then Prince BISMARCK will do something for them. The existing laws shall be worked in a very indulgent spirit. Good turns shall be done all round, and possibly the happy day may arrive when some portion of the existing laws may be repealed. Signs are not wanting that Prince BISMARCK's offer, which does not err on the side of cowardice in concession, will before long be adopted.

Austria, on the other hand, does not appear to be going on quite as Prince BISMARCK would wish. The Austrian Ministry now occupies one of the most singular positions ever occupied by a Ministry. It has only got about twenty adherents in the Chamber, but neither the Constitutional nor the Autonomist party has a majority. The Ministry therefore trusts that by taking its twenty votes first to one side and then to the other it can command the Chamber. The Ministry is divided as nearly as may be between the contending parties; and in this respect, as in every other, Count TAAFFE spends his time in walking along a tight-rope and just keeping his balance. But a Minister cannot be always doing nothing. He must at least ask for the yearly supplies, if he does nothing else; and, whatever he does or asks for, there is always some one ready to quarrel with him. He had arrived so far in the Budget as to reach the estimate for secret-service money. The amount asked for was very small, but the Constitutional party declared that secret-service money could only be properly entrusted to a Minister in whom the Chamber had confidence. Count TAAFFE's twenty men and the Autonomists ought to have turned round and declared that the Chamber had confidence in the Minister; but enough members of the Autonomist party stayed away to let the Government be beaten. A motion of want of confidence was therefore carried against the Government, and theoretically the Ministry ought to have resigned. But Count TAAFFE cannot resign, as there is no one to replace him. The result is that Austria is reduced to as complete a state of inactivity as a great Power can fall into. And not only did the Right fail to support the Minister with sufficient determination, and allow itself as well as the Ministry to be beaten, but very free expression was given by some speakers among its ranks to the opinion that Austria should not be too cordial to Germany or too hostile to Russia. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of any section of Austrian politicians. The weight of the Court and the national feelings of Germans and Hungarians might in a critical moment break down all opposition. But at the same time it is evident that the policy which Prince BISMARCK might like to force on Austria is not a policy which escapes serious opposition in the Austrian Chamber. As time runs on it becomes apparent that the union between Germany and Austria is not nearly so strong or so indissoluble as was at one time supposed.

THE BONAPARTISTS AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S letter has greatly disturbed the Bonapartist journals. Many of them had insensibly come to be Conservative—in the sense in which that much abused word is for the moment understood in France—rather than Imperialist, and they naturally dislike this sudden call to declare under which flag they are fighting. All their recent associations are Conservative, and as of late Conservative and Clerical have been pretty nearly identical terms, Prince NAPOLEON's letter makes silence impossible. There are some things about which a party writer may be discreet, but he cannot be discreet about the decrees against the religious orders. The Government have taken so decided a line that the absence of resistance is tantamount to support. He that is not with the religious orders is against them. Nor is it possible for the Conservatives to overlook defection upon this point. They have never before had such good cards dealt to them since the Republic was set up, and on the skill and unanimity with which they play them their future in a great measure depends. If a newspaper which has hitherto acted with them opposes them now, it must not expect to be taken back into favour a little time hence. Its desertion will be remembered as long as the conflict between the Church and the Republic endures. The Bonapartist journals have for the most part recognized this necessity, and sorrowfully thrown over Prince NAPOLEON. It is awkward, no doubt, to be at issue with the chief of the BONAPARTES; but it would be more awkward to be at issue with their subscribers. Nor is it the journalists of the party alone that have been annoyed by the PRINCE's letter. Since the death of Prince LOUIS the specific characteristics of Bonapartism have been much less conspicuous than they used to be. Royalists and Imperialists had grown accustomed to acting together. Neither of them had any present hope of overthrowing the Republic, and consequently neither of them cared to define precisely what form of Government they proposed to put in its place. This pleasant agreement to go as far as they can together has been sadly interfered with by Prince NAPOLEON's letter. These peaceful Bonapartist sheep have been suddenly accused by their companions of being wolves in disguise, and the only means they have of disproving the charge is to make common cause with them against the real wolf. The Conservatives who have accepted the Bonapartist pretension to be reckoned among the friends of order and religion suddenly discover that the head of the Bonapartist party approves the decrees against the religious orders, and openly allies himself with the policy of the Government. More than this, he declares that this policy is really the policy of the Empire, that the Republic has only borrowed it, and that all true Imperialists will see in its adoption a tribute to the soundness and permanence of Napoleonic ideas. There can be no fellowship between a party which regards this man as its leader and honest Conservatives. A Bonapartist who wishes still to be regarded as a Conservative must disavow allegiance to Prince NAPOLEON by word as well as by deed. It is not enough that he shows by his conduct that he detests the principles of which the letter is the expression, he must openly say that he detests them. Under such pressure as this the majority of Bonapartists, with Cardinal BONAPARTE and two BONAPARTE princes at their head, have given way. After all, their alliance with the Conservatives is of more importance to them than the favour of a leader who may never have any rewards to bestow. Men soon take their colour from the society they keep, and for the last ten years Bonapartism pure and simple has been in little favour in France. The enterprises of the party have all been undertaken in combination with Monarchists of various shades, and little by little the opinions which the members of the coalition hold in common have to many Bonapartists become more important than those which they themselves are supposed to hold apart.

The motives which have decided the Bonapartists generally to disown Prince NAPOLEON's letter are sufficiently intelligible; but it may be thought that, in proportion as they are so, the PRINCE's motive in writing the letter becomes harder to interpret. Why should he desire thus to break up the Imperialist party? He was under no pressing necessity to avow his convictions about the religious orders. No one had asked him for his opinion for or against them. He is not himself intimate with the

Clerical party, and his tastes and antecedents seemed to make it most natural for him to maintain an attitude of impartial and amused criticism of the violent language resorted to by both combatants. Why has Prince NAPOLEON put all these considerations aside and descended into the battle, with, as it may seem, no other object than that of throwing his own special followers into confusion? More than one possible answer may be given to this question. One is, that the change which the party had lately undergone, though pleasant enough for the rank and file, was not equally pleasant to its chief. It really amounted to an absorption of the Bonapartists in the Conservatives; and, as the ultimate aims of the Conservatives are Royalist, there was real danger that the aims of the Bonapartists might insensibly come to be Royalist too. Had Prince NAPOLEON's position in the party been more established this danger might have been considerably less. With the Legitimist pretender impracticable, and the Orleanist pretender self-effaced, a strong Bonapartist pretender might have held a conspicuous position among the rival Conservative factions. But to do this Prince NAPOLEON must himself have been a Conservative; at all events, he must not have been hampered by a character and a history which are scarcely compatible with Conservatism of the Clerical and reactionary type which now prevails in France. When once the impossibility of his leading the Bonapartists as a Conservative is admitted, the necessity of his leading it in some other character becomes evident. Prince NAPOLEON is not a man to throw away his chances. Accident has made him the head of the house, but the dignity did not, we may be sure, find him unprepared. The combinations which might raise him to greatness had no doubt been weighed and calculated, and he had not still to decide upon a policy when the news from Zululand arrived. He may only have been waiting for an opportunity to mark his assumption of the leadership by some decided step, something which should force men to ask themselves whether they were still Bonapartists. From this point of view it does not really matter that the immediate result of this step has been to breed a quarrel between the PRINCE and his followers. It would have been of little use to retain their nominal allegiance if this had been done at the cost of foregoing all further demands on it.

Another answer is that Prince NAPOLEON possibly sees that the Bonapartists have very few chances if they are content to remain the mere detachment of the Conservatives which they have lately tended to become. After all, there is no real identity between them and their allies. The one looks forward to a restoration which shall reunite France to a past which begins in the tenth century; the other looks forward to a restoration which shall reunite France to a past which begins with the nineteenth. The attitude of the two parties towards the Revolution of 1789 is necessarily and radically different. From that Revolution the Empire and the Republic alike take their origin; and Imperialists, equally with Republicans, are bound to accept, not merely its accomplished results, but the ideas on which those results are founded. Consequently it is the business of the Imperialists to show a reason for their existence, not merely as against the Republic, but as against the Legitimate Monarchy. In their recent relations with the Conservatives this necessity has been allowed to drop out of sight, and Prince NAPOLEON is probably of opinion both that it is essential to recall it to view, and that the quarrel with the religious orders affords an excellent opportunity of doing this. The ecclesiastical controversy is one about which the majority of the Republican party is greatly excited, and in spite of the Republican journals a great number of Republicans will be disposed to regard Prince NAPOLEON with far more friendly eyes now than before the publication of his letter. In the reactionary party he could never have been of any importance. In the Republican party he may be a force which the politicians at present in power may hereafter have to reckon in a way they will not much like.

LORD HAMPTON.

LORD HAMPTON, better known as Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, furnished one of many instances of the practical and administrative capacity which may be found among members of Parliament who have not been regularly trained for office. Birth and early association connected

him with the Conservative party; and a political crisis, which might almost be called accidental, made him a Minister. Though he was grave, methodical, and entirely without intellectual or rhetorical brilliancy, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON held opinions of his own on various points which might in different circumstances have entitled him to rank as a Liberal. In the days of his political and official activity, as at present, there was no real difference of temperament or of principle between moderate and intelligent members of the two great parties; and twenty or thirty years ago the passion and bigotry of popular constitencies operated less directly and less constantly on the minds of their representatives. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had the good fortune to represent throughout his career a small rural borough, which only transferred its allegiance to a newcomer when he was far advanced in years. He was consequently at liberty to serve his country to the best of his judgment; and, while many of his contemporaries were more showy and more versatile, he was excelled by none in conscientious devotion to the public good. If his speeches were long and tedious, they contained the result of serious thought and study; and they were never defaced by personal or factious invective. On some occasions Sir JOHN PAKINGTON acted independently of his party, though he was never suspected of intrigue or of disloyalty to his political associates. It cannot be said that even among the most intolerant of his opponents he provoked any special enmity; for the spiteful comments which have lately been made on his appointment to a modest post were but incidentally addressed to himself.

It was much to his credit that, at the disruption of the Conservative party in 1846, he adhered to Sir ROBERT PEEL, when Lord STANLEY seceded from the Government. On this, as on other points, he belonged to the more advanced or less narrow section of the party. He had consequently no share in the discredit of the scandalous coalition by which Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord GEORGE BENTINCK drove the best Minister of the time from office. One of Sir ROBERT PEEL's last official acts was to recognize Mr. PAKINGTON's services by his elevation to a baronetcy. When, on his resignation, Sir R. PEEL finally retired from his position as a leader of a party, his adherents were at liberty to choose between the separate organization which was formed by the outgoing Ministers and reunion with the mass of the party. With Sir F. THESIGER and other faithful followers of Sir ROBERT PEEL who had voted for the repeal of the Corn-laws, Sir J. PAKINGTON determined to remain a Conservative. The Peelites, as they were called, consisting of Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, Mr. CARDWELL, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and three or four others, had with few exceptions held office under Sir ROBERT PEEL. It was not to be expected that the independent members who had acted with them in the Corn-law struggle should to the same extent share their just resentment against the Protectionist leaders. Neither the Duke of WELLINGTON nor Sir R. PEEL himself assumed the character of Peelites. During the short remainder of his life, the great Conservative statesman occupied himself chiefly in protecting his wayward Whig successor from the consequences of his blunders. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON accepted Lord DERBY as his chief; and when Mr. DISRAELI, in spite of Lord DERBY's jealous reluctance, forced himself into the position of leader in the House of Commons, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON became one of his most useful supporters; yet some surprise was felt when, six years after the defeat of the Conservative Government, he was selected as a member of Lord DERBY's first Cabinet. Up to that time his highest official functions had been those of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

In December 1851 Lord JOHN RUSSELL dismissed Lord PALMERSTON from office; and in March 1852, with a humorous celerity of retaliation, Lord PALMERSTON forced Lord JOHN RUSSELL to resign. The Peelites could have furnished the materials of an excellent Cabinet, but they were for the moment unpopular in consequence of their resistance in the previous year to the foolish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and they had in any case no party to back them. Lord DERBY once said that the uncouth grammatical term *anacoluthon* should be translated by the word Peelite, or a leader without followers. The disruption had, in the American phrase, decapitated the Conservative party so completely that when Lord DERBY formed a

Ministry nearly all his colleagues had to be raised for the first time to the rank of Privy Counsellors. There had been no instance in modern times of a similar promotion of private members of Parliament to high official posts; but, with the aid of Mr. DISRAELI's accurate judgment of character, Lord DERBY found it possible to select a Cabinet which was not inferior in the ability of its members to the Government which it superseded. General PEEL, Mr. HENLEY, and Mr. WALPOLE supplied by natural aptitude and by Parliamentary experience their want of official knowledge. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI might be fairly pitted against Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON; and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's industry and good sense soon acquired for him the character of an efficient head of a department. Lord DERBY's Administration, though it lasted only for a few months, produced many advantages to the party. Mr. DISRAELI took the opportunity to relieve himself and his colleagues from the burden of Protectionist principles; and Lord PALMERSTON, for reasons of his own, facilitated the operation. If the Peelites had remained neutral, Mr. DISRAELI would probably have defeated Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the decisive contest on the Budget; but the surviving colleagues of Sir ROBERT PEEL took the opportunity of a just revenge, and Mr. GLADSTONE, in his speech on the Budget, delivered a fatal blow to the Government.

The Conservatives, on returning to the Opposition benches, found themselves in a better position than before their brief trial of office. Their leaders had now Cabinet rank and a certain official experience, and though they could make no immediate impression on the solid ranks of the coalesced Whigs and Peelites, they were from this time ready to profit by any favourable opportunity. When Lord DERBY in 1858 formed his second Ministry, it was a matter of course that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON should hold a Cabinet office. When he became First Lord of the Admiralty, he was as ignorant as most of his predecessors and successors of all matters relating to the navy; but his natural capacity for administration, cultivated by his short experience at the Colonial Office, enabled him to master the rudiments of his business, and his patriotic zeal was stimulated by the discovery that his predecessors had allowed rival Powers to attain maritime equality or superiority. He perhaps described his measures too ambitiously when he boasted of reconstructing the navy. The ships which he built have long since been superseded, but nearly all chiefs of the Admiralty during twenty years have thought it necessary to profess the same desire to create a navy more powerful than that of any rival. His tenure of office was again not destined to be long. Mr. GLADSTONE had indeed so far allied himself with Lord DERBY that he voted on the side of the Government in the division which followed the general election of 1859; but Lord PALMERSTON prudently complied with his terms on the formation of his Cabinet, and from that time he approached more and more rapidly to the democratic tendencies which have not yet reached their lowest point. From 1859 to 1866 the Opposition made no attempt to recover office; and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, acting separately from his colleagues, employed himself mainly in promoting national education. One of his schemes included the formation of School Boards, which, in accordance with the doctrines then professed by Non-conformists as well as by Churchmen, were to provide religious education in accordance with the opinions of the local majority. Although he was from time to time sharply criticized by leading members of his own party, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON persisted in his efforts; but it was impossible to effect so great a change without official authority, and without the support of a Parliamentary majority. In 1866 Sir JOHN PAKINGTON returned to the Admiralty, and in the following year he succeeded General PEEL at the War Office. He had not lost his characteristic zeal and energy; but for the third time he was compelled with his colleagues to retire after a short term of office. He had probably concurred, less unwillingly than some of his colleagues, in Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill, though he may have been less confident than his leader of the supposed party advantage of sinking to a lower political stratum. When Mr. DISRAELI at last succeeded to office as leader of a majority, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had arrived at the age of seventy-four. He was compensated with a well-earned peerage for the omission to find him a place in the new Cabinet; and he accepted the comparatively humble post of First Commis-

sioner of the Civil Service. The reward of a long and useful career was not excessive, and there can be no doubt that he continued, as in former times, to perform his duties with conscientious assiduity. No politician or Minister has left a more blameless reputation.

A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

FOR the last week there has been going on in the columns of the *Times* an interesting discussion as to the invention of the Farmers' Alliance. With that body itself and its objects the discussion has also had a good deal to do, though we need not have very much to do with it here. It seems, on the authority of some journals and of the person who claims to be its father, that the Farmers' Alliance has "driven the wedge home between the farmers and the landlords," and has thus contributed to the late Liberal victory. To have achieved a class division between two sets of persons whose interests, in the interest of the country, ought to be married indissolubly, would seem to be rather a dubious feat. The notion suggests itself, too, as a short hint to an impartial farmer, that the result of such a proceeding might be by no means beneficial to the farmers themselves. Even under present circumstances, compulsory expropriation or compulsory division of property is not very likely in England. The most that the Farmers' Alliance, if it had really assumed any attitude hostile to the landlords, could expect would be legislation crippling the owner in his contract with his tenant. In such a case it might probably occur to the owner whether it might not be possible to do without tenants altogether. In Hungary and in America it is said that farms of a size equal to the largest English estates are cultivated, often under paid management, with a profit. Agricultural colleges are not unknown, and there are plenty of capable young men quite willing to go to them if the subsequent difficulty of finding capital for tenant-farming were withdrawn. It might some day strike a landlord of ten or twenty thousand acres that a staff of educated bailiffs or agents and a regular commercial management of his property might be preferable to the present system of capricious returns of rent at the most inconvenient times, with a staff of grumbling and caballing tenants placed by the law in a position of "Heads we win; tails you lose," and not to be calculated upon even at the polling-booth. Such a change would be a grave one in the rural economy of England, but it seems a not impossible consequence of aggressive farmers' organizations. However, the present question is a less serious one than this. The problem is not so much what is the Farmers' Alliance going to do, as who formed this notable organization? While M. RENAN has been lecturing on the origin of Christianity, Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, late member and member-elect for the borough of Dungarvan, has been lecturing on the origin of the Farmers' Alliance. The latter question may be of less general importance than the former, but it is unquestionably possessed of interest in its way.

Mr. O'DONNELL is rather an authority on the subject of origins, and it is but recently that he indulged in a controversy with Lord LIFFORD on the subject of his own. We do not propose to enter upon that delicate question further than to observe that internal evidence seems to justify Mr. O'DONNELL's claim that Ireland and not Scotland gave him birth. For, in the first place, he is a decidedly amusing person, and, as a rule, there is more of this quality in those descendants of the bare-armed Fenians who have remained in Erin than in those who migrated to Caledonia. In the second place, there is in Mr. O'DONNELL another quality for which we find it hard to select a name which shall be at once polite and appropriate. The brutal Saxon is wont to call it "Irish impudence," and with the due allowance for the said brutality it might perhaps be called "engaging self-assertion." A Scotchman is not usually behindhand in estimating himself highly, but his self-assertion is rarely of such a lively and vocal character as Mr. O'DONNELL's. On this particular occasion Mr. O'DONNELL surpassed himself. Writing to the *Times* about the general election, after an appropriate war-dance over the bodies of the prostrate Tories, Mr. O'DONNELL proceeded to point out his own part in procuring the victory. "When I founded and organized the Farmers' Alliance during April and May of last year," said he with a fine cursoriness of statement, "what had I in view but the crushing, the overwhelming overthrow

"of British landlordism?" In other words, the cause of the late Liberal victory is Mr. O'DONNELL, with only the intermediate step of causation supplied by the Farmers' Alliance. It is perhaps not surprising that the authorities of the Alliance demur to this sweeping assertion of parentage. They apparently belong to the unwise majority of children who don't know their own fathers. The Secretary of the Alliance, Mr. W. E. BEAR, wrote at once to disown his maker. He admits a certain suggestion on Mr. O'DONNELL's part, but denies everything else, and is especially indignant at the statement that "Irish agitation has been transplanted into the centres of English landlordism." The chosen of Dungarvan would have been false to the noblest traditions of his race if he had failed to accept the challenge. He replied in a letter of four paragraphs, in each of which a distinct flourish and "whack" of the shillelagh is visible and audible. In the first, scorn is loftily applied to the "Liberal Secretary," who "would gladly disavow an obnoxious obligation." In the second, Mr. O'DONNELL asserts that he paid the expenses of the first meeting of the Alliance at the Westminster Palace Hotel, where (more by token) the inquirer can see the identical receipt. In the third, "the merit of others" is recognized, "but," the writer repeats sternly, "I founded the Farmers' Alliance." Finally, Mr. BEAR is reminded that, "as he will remember, I have always admitted that his ignorance of Irish agricultural conditions was only equalled by his excellent sense in English and Scotch affairs." It must be allowed that the blackthorn of Dungarvan is no mean weapon. The Secretary's retort that Mr. O'DONNELL promised five pounds and paid two guineas is worthy of a Saxon. In the first place, it reduces the question to peddling matters of arithmetic beneath the attention of a great soul which, in travelling about England on other business, founds casually, and as a *parergon*, a Farmers' Alliance. In the second place, it shows a lack of astuteness. It would have been wiser of Mr. BEAR to "repeal the thrilling obligation," as Captain COSTIGAN has it, of the two guineas, and to claim the five pounds. A doughtier champion, however, now appears to teach the fainting battle how to rage. Mr. JAMES HOWARD, the Chairman of the Alliance, disposes of Mr. O'DONNELL very shortly. The founding of the Alliance was, he says, a question of time only, he himself and Mr. BEAR having designed it for years past. Mr. O'DONNELL's action happened to coincide with the actual establishment of it; but at the very first meeting he was found to be impracticable. The words United Kingdom shocked Mr. O'DONNELL's Irish soul, and Mr. HOWARD "cut the cable"—and Mr. O'DONNELL. Mr. HOWARD further denies that the Alliance is political or that its object is discord. These are points upon which there seem to be differences of opinion; but Mr. HOWARD, who has got into Parliament on the shoulders of the Alliance, ought to know. We have not yet seen the repartee which may be expected from the claimant to the authorship of that association, who is left so unpleasantly adrift by its chairman. Perhaps Mr. O'DONNELL, having asserted himself sufficiently, will disdain to retort upon his ungrateful children, and will be content to leave Mr. BEAR in the attitude of REGAN, and Mr. HOWARD in that of GONERIL, to the reprobation of the world. It is a pretty quarrel; but, like other things, it might get tedious if it went on too long.

There is, however, a certain tone of asperity in Mr. HOWARD's letter which is not altogether unworthy of notice. It may be that "a little grain of conscience made him sour," and, if so, we do not greatly wonder at it. It is admitted that Mr. O'DONNELL had some connexion, if only an accidental and temporary one, with the formation of the Alliance. Mr. HOWARD found him impossible and cut him adrift. Now would it not have been a little wiser if Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BEAR had declined the connexion altogether instead of severing it after a time? Mr. O'DONNELL's opinions on land questions could hardly be unknown to them, unless they are persons of singular want of knowledge in their own special subjects. It is true that the anti-rent agitation had not in May flaunted itself so unblushingly as it did in the late summer and early autumn. But though this might be an excuse for outsiders, it certainly could not be one for experts. If opposition to landlordism was so abhorrent to the real founders of the Alliance as Mr. HOWARD wishes to make out, it was certainly odd that they should parley with a member of the extremist

group of Irish intransigents. At any rate they can hardly complain if Mr. O'DONNELL, especially when he sees his own view of the matter enforced by authorities more or less independent, should attribute to the Alliance the principles which he had himself in view in helping to found it. Oddly enough too, Mr. HOWARD does not seem to have differed with Mr. O'DONNELL on any point affecting the land question, but on one of pure politics. We are glad that the newly elected member for Bedfordshire is staunch to the Union—that he did not, like some political friends of his, try to make terms with Home Rule at a time when it seemed that Home Rulers were necessary to the Liberal party. But the Union and the land laws are, after all, two separate questions, having no direct, though it may be much indirect, connexion. It would have been more satisfactory if moral as well as political difficulties had helped to develop the incompatibility between father and children. As it is, Mr. HOWARD's assurances of the objects of the Alliance are satisfactory, though a little vague, and not wholly consistent with the assertions of others. But for the future he will do well to remember certain ancient proverbs about evil communications, about the information supplied as to a man's character and objects by the character and objects of his companions, and so forth. On the face of the thing it looks very much as if Mr. O'DONNELL's claim to have thrown, in one way or in another, an apple of discord into English rural life were by no means unfounded. Whether Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BEAR were his accomplices or his dupes is an interesting but secondary question.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

LORD DERBY gave as one of his reasons for making a speech at the annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society on Tuesday, that it has been bitterly and continuously attacked. Lord DERBY accounts for this unpopularity by the fact that one of the main functions of the Society is the detection of imposture. Desirable as it is that the rogues who write begging letters should be exposed, they cannot be expected to enjoy the process, and even when exposed, they have occasional opportunities of throwing dirt on the Society which has interfered with their peculiar industry. It is strange if, among the many who have given them money, they do not find some who will continue to believe their story even after its falsehood has been proved; and occasionally they are able to persuade those to whom they apply that it would be useless and even cruel to make inquiries about them from a Society which will be sure to believe its own officials, no matter what they say. Occasionally, too, the most careful inquiry will lead to a wrong conclusion, and relief which is really needed may be refused in the honest conviction that the applicant is undeserving. The really poor are sometimes as perversely stupid as the sham poor are perversely ingenious; and, in their desire to put their case in the most favourable light, they conceal things which they had better have told. Some one who knows that they are really very proper objects of charity gets indignant when their application is rejected, and from that day forward the Charity Organization Society has another enemy.

There is another circumstance also which perhaps goes quite as far to account for the attacks made on the Society, and that is the misconception which often exists as to its true object. It is sometimes assumed that to organize charity is the same thing as to supersede it, and that the Society has not done its duty if it refuses relief to any one who is really in distress. In point of fact, the Society, as originally constituted, was not intended to relieve distress at all. It was supposed that this duty would be adequately discharged by existing charitable agencies, if they would only listen to the Society's exhortations and avail themselves of its apparatus for making inquiries. By degrees it was found that the Society's operations brought the members in contact with a good deal of distress which no existing agency seemed adequately to meet. Existing agencies had their lists full, or looked coldly on persons recommended by a Society with which they felt no sympathy; and in this way local Relief Committees grew up, and found more and more to do, with the result that relief now employs a larger share of the Society's resources than organization itself. Still the distribution of this relief is governed by

rules which are not, and are not meant to be, those which govern private charity. The reason for this distinction is obvious. The Relief Committees of the Charity Organization Society are not intended to take the place of other charitable agencies. On the contrary, they are specially designed to fill any gaps which may be left in the network of these agencies. Considerable care, therefore, is necessary to prevent mutual overlapping, and one of the results of this care is the frequent rejection of cases, not as undeserving, but as "ineligible." It often happens that people who have recommended cases to the notice of the Society take this rejection as a personal affront. They forget that the Society was founded, not to spend money on cases sought out by private charity, but to seek out cases for private charity to spend money on, and they take every occasion that offers itself of proclaiming their disappointment and disgust that the Society is not something else. There is a rule, for example, which forbids relief to be given except in cases in which there is reason to suppose that permanent good will be done. This is not a rule for the exercise of individual liberality. It was never intended to lay down as a general principle that a man may not be saved from starvation to-day because he is very likely to be starving again to-morrow. The rule is simply framed for the guidance of the Society's own operations, and the meaning of it is, that as there are abundance of agencies, charitable and legal, which relieve cases of ordinary destitution, the Society's money shall be kept for cases in which a little judicious outlay may place the applicant beyond the reach of destitution. If a case rejected as ineligible on the ground that no permanent good could be done by relieving it happens to have been recommended by some one who has no real knowledge of the Society's operations, it is as likely as not that he will be excessively indignant at the refusal of relief, and will very possibly talk about drying up the generous flow of charity, and, in fact, write much such a letter as that quoted by the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND on Tuesday. It is fair, however, to say that certain members of the Society are not always careful enough to distinguish between distress which may be properly relieved by private charity and distress which may be properly relieved by the Society's Committees. Nothing is more calculated to do the Society harm than an attempt to treat these two spheres as necessarily identical.

It must be admitted, as regards the organizing function of the Society, that a good deal of time is sometimes wasted and a good deal of nonsense sometimes talked. If it were desired to give practical people a distaste for charity organization, the best possible way would be to show them the notices of motions to be discussed at the weekly meetings of the Central Council, and to withhold from them the fact that there are a large number of District Committees doing actual work among the London poor. Men who in their own estimation are excellently qualified for seats in the House of Commons are occasionally compelled to content themselves with seats in the Council of the Charity Organization Society; and, under these circumstances, it is useless to hope that a great deal of eloquence will not be spent on abstract resolutions. But even the Central Council does more useful service than might be expected from the reports of its debates. It works out schemes which, if they were not taken up by somebody with energy and leisure, would never be worked out at all. It has lately, for example, been giving careful attention to the project of superseding charitable by provident dispensaries; and Mr. STANSFELD stated on Tuesday that he hoped in a few days to lay before a large representative meeting a plan, in the first place, for covering the whole metropolis with a self-supporting system of provident dispensaries, and, secondly, for so associating the dispensaries with the hospitals that both hospitals and dispensaries might each carry on the work they were specially fitted to deal with. At present the whole system of medical charity is in the most unsatisfactory state possible. There is no more reason for presenting people with advice and medicine when they can afford to obtain them for themselves than there is for presenting them with food or clothing when they are in a position to buy both. Yet hospitals and dispensaries, for the most part, pay no attention to the poverty of the applicant. Either they dispense advice and medicines to all comers, or they regulate their benevolence, not by the inability of the applicant to get relief in other ways, but by his success in getting an order from a subscriber. Upon the provident plan, every one who is not

absolutely destitute would pay a small weekly sum to a district dispensary, in return for which he would get medical advice and medicines. The class of cases which are now dealt with in the out-patient department of hospitals would thus be provided for; the hospitals would be enabled to devote themselves in a great degree to the care of in-patients; and those who now throng the out-patients' room, without any adequate cause beyond their own desire to save expense, would be forced either to pay at least a subscription to a dispensary or to run the risk of having their circumstances inquired into and their application rejected by the hospital officials. Probably a very small weekly payment, if the subscribers were numerous, would cover the expenses of a provident dispensary, and cases in which this weekly payment had not been made would properly be left to the Poor-law authorities. The increasing connexion between the Charity Organization Society and the Guardians of the Poor is one of the most encouraging features of the movement. The right enjoyed by the English pauper to maintenance at the cost of the community is so absolute that the greatest possible care is needed in its administration. Genuine destitution is the only title to this relief that can be safely recognized, and the existence of such machinery as that provided by the Charity Organization Society enables the Guardians to pass over many cases which without such machinery they would probably feel compelled to relieve. Altogether, though the Society is not perfect, its merits very much exceed its faults, and its disappearance would leave a very serious gulf in the existing arrangements for dealing with poverty.

THE NEW PROVINCIALISM.

IT has long been held that among the special blessings enjoyed by England was the absence of anything like a true provincialism, or feeling of estrangement between the capital and the country. The very use of the term "provinces" has been condemned as a late and unintelligent vulgarism expressing a difference which does not exist. It is quite true that until very recently those who held this view occupied an exceedingly strong position. Even in old days, when "Lunnon" was the object of something short of affection on the part of countrymen, it was regarded rather with awe than with dislike. The Londoner was an eccentric, uncouth, and rather immoral being, but he was wise and knowing, especially as regarded political matters. The influence of landlordism, too, formed a link between town and country which was hardly known anywhere else in Europe. The greater, if not the smaller, landlords were in more or less sympathy with the metropolis, and the country with the landlords. As coaches, and in the beginning railroads, increased, the bonds of union were drawn tighter, and a good many misunderstandings were removed. The elections for London, Westminster, and Middlesex still had a kind of prerogative force in the kingdom, and though counties and small boroughs by no means followed like sheep, the importance of metropolitan opinion in political matters was never for a moment contested. Of late years, however, we have seen a good deal of this changed, and the most singular feature of the late—in compliment to Orkney and Shetland we should perhaps say the present—general election has been the split between the capital and the country. The so-called metropolitan boroughs have indeed returned a majority of Liberals; which, however, those who have profited by it cannot pretend to construe as a majority of wealth, knowledge, or intelligence. The cities of London and Westminster have given the Conservatives an enormous majority, and the Home counties, which, owing to the centrifugal system of modern London living, represent the capital more than even the cities of London and Westminster, and far more than the satellite boroughs, have returned in the face of one of the strongest political reactions ever known a solid phalanx of twenty Tory members. A singular letter which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday from Mr. George Melly, a well-known Liverpool Liberal and an ex-member of Parliament, asserts, after Sir W. Harcourt, that London has been completely ignorant of the political opinion of the country; or, as we should prefer to put the thing, that the country has chosen to ignore or contradict the political feeling of London. Mr. Melly's letter is not directed avowedly to this point, but to a previous letter of Sir George Bowyer's, with which we need not trouble ourselves. It is sufficient that the reply contains a distinct expression of the existence of a political feeling in the country hostile to that of London, which is one of the most flagrant notes of provincialism. Nor is it superfluous to add that the persistent adulation which Mr. Gladstone has for years paid to provincial opinion as contrasted with metropolitan confirms this theory. That adulation indeed has been no doubt to a great extent a cause as well as a consequence of the phenomenon. But all careful students of Mr. Gladstone must have noticed that he often has a singular *flair* of popular feeling, a quality which has stood him in good stead, and which enables him to lead by dint of following, in a way

to which historians, in the case of statesmen of less severe and lofty morality, have sometimes applied hard names.

It seems at first sight incredible that such a feeling, which is contrary to all notions of progress, civilization, and so forth, should have grown up in these latter days. But, if the conditions are inspected more narrowly, the strangeness wears off. In the first place, paradoxical as it may seem, the very perfection of means of communication has loosened instead of tightening the hold of London on the country. In old days, and even within the last twenty or thirty years, a man who had occasion to come to London on business was forced to stay there perhaps for weeks, certainly for days. In the last few years this has been changed. A man eats his breakfast in a great town of Lancashire or Yorkshire, travels up to London, does a couple of hours' business, and is back and in bed before midnight. If his business is not capable of being despatched quite so rapidly, he puts himself into the sleeping-car of the mail, is shunted into a siding at St. Pancras or Euston till it is time to get up, breakfasts in the refreshment-room, does his day's business, and returns in the same way to breakfast at home thirty-six hours after he left it. In neither case has he time to shake down into town life, to rub opinions with his fellows of the capital, to cease, in a word, to be provincial. So with holidays. Where once he took his wife and daughters to London, he now takes them to Paris or to Rome. There are day schools or grammar schools in his own town, whether it be large or small, which enable his children to pass their youth as well as their manhood in it. In some cases regular law courts attend to local business. The very amusements which quite recently were only attainable in London come to the great and even the small provincial towns to seek spectators. Nor is it to be forgotten that the provincial press has immensely increased of late. Not so very long ago a daily newspaper was unheard of in any but the very largest country towns; now such papers are as common as blackberries, while all the larger towns have their halfpenny evening papers as well, which make the London press almost superfluous. In this provincial press, too, there is an element which works positively in the same direction in which the influences just mentioned work negatively. The first-hand knowledge of London life, as distinguished from mere office business, is relatively diminishing. But a marvellous second-hand knowledge is supplied by the great creature known as the London Correspondent. This wonderful man belongs to the Reform and the Carlton at the same time, takes friends to dine—apparently by special permission of the Committee—at the Athenæum, is hand and glove with every Cabinet Minister, every foreign Ambassador, every famous artist and man of letters. Mr. Melly unconsciously supplies a delightful instance of the powers of the London Correspondent. "It was believed in the provinces," he says, "rightly or wrongly, that the ovation [to Lord Beaconsfield in the summer of 1878] was arranged and paid for; that Woolwich artisans were brought in special trains to swell the triumph; that hired mobs were incited to disturb public meetings." This is the sort of thing, as every one who has occasion to read country papers knows, with which their correspondence columns teem, and Mr. Melly, with some ingenuousness, points to the results of the election as a consequence of it. To these important influences—ignorance of and exclusion from the actual intellectual life of London, and fantastic, not to say false, representations of that life—there are others to add. The Ballot has weakened, if it has not destroyed, the influence of large proprietors, great merchants, and the like, who actually live in London, and are partakers in the movement of the place. No greater proof of this could be had than the large number of "carpet-baggers" who have ousted local magnates in the recent contest. Last of all, in large sections of the country like Scotland and Wales there has been no hesitation in appealing to a kind of pseudo-national sentiment, which is in itself declared provincialism pure and simple. From all which considerations we are inclined to think that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Melly are perfectly right, though doubtless they will not thank us for the form which our approval takes. It does actually seem that a recrudescence of provincialism has taken place, that it has played an important part in the late contest, and that it will have to be reckoned with in political calculations henceforward.

If this is the case, it appears to us to be beyond all doubt a grave misfortune. It is not only that any such feeling must interpose a serious difficulty in the way of consistent and sober statesmanship, which is hampered enough already, in all conscience. It is not merely that the loss of national unity of feeling is a very considerable loss; the worst of it is that, if the provinces are going in this way to assume a kind of *frondeur* attitude towards the educated inhabitants of the capital, it is pretty certain that they will be habitually in the wrong. For it must be remembered that the capital of England at present, and the cultivation and society which represent it, by no means deserve the uncompromising descriptions which have in times past been applied to capitals such as Rome or Paris, and which at some times of its history might have even been applied to London itself. The London Correspondent before mentioned (and Mr. Gladstone and some other persons of distinction have not been ashamed to follow him) is wont to represent the Clubs, notwithstanding his own multifarious membership thereof, as bodies consisting of luxurious idlers, dividing their time between wicked cabals against pure-minded statesmen and indulgence in the grossest luxuries. It need hardly be said that, if the provinces (the phrase is rather Mr. Melly's than ours) believe this, they make a very absurd mistake. In the first place, since the multiplication of Clubs, good, bad, and indifferent, the term has lost any specific meaning;

and, in the second place, London society, in the large sense in which it has just declared its faith in the present Government, or rather its disbelief in that which is to come, cannot be described by any such term at all. It does not consist of the luxurious idlers of democratic imagination in any but an infinitesimal proportion. It consists of men of all degrees of wealth, intelligence, and knowledge, most of whom work more or less hard in their way, who, almost whether they will or not, have the movement of affairs at home and abroad constantly before their eyes, who are singularly free from respect of persons, and who have none of the local jealousies, prejudices, and limitations which are so noticeable to a Londoner in the inhabitants even of the largest provincial towns. Mr. Melly, who is full of matter for comment, tells us that in Leicestershire the Liberals hung portraits of Mr. Gladstone across the lanes for the rustics to worship, and that "the seed of the Bulgarian agitation has never ceased to grow." These are two admirable illustrations of the sort of fetish worship which forms part of all provincialism. The average metropolitan elector who gave his vote last week for the Conservatives would certainly not have been induced to do so by a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield being hung across Chancery Lane. As to the Bulgarian affair, he probably reflected that a good many things had happened since that, and gave his vote according to actual circumstances, and not according to his views four years ago. Indeed Mr. Melly's reference reminds one strikingly of some remarks of Frederick the Great about the Trojan war. This attention to actuality is what may, as a rule, be expected from a metropolitan population which is not frivolous or uninstructed; and it is a want of this attention to actuality and a concentration upon all sorts of bygone questions, personal likings and antipathies, vague accusations of immorality, and so forth, which is eminently characteristic of provincialism. The provincial—we are not now speaking injuriously, but defining him as a general idea—is always behind the times, can always be led away by red herrings of sufficient potency, is always ready to let his jealousy of the capital vent itself. We should have said not very long ago that this unpleasant species was unknown in England. But Mr. Gladstone, it would appear, has discovered the cockatrice's egg, and has succeeded in hatching it with the warmth of his flattery. The election hints the fact, Mr. Melly states it more or less openly, and we, albeit unwilling, must, we suppose, admit it.

MISS COBBE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY CARPENTER.

MR. LECKY has pointed out with no less force than eloquence the profound influence exercised by "the mediæval conception of the Virgin Mother" in elevating woman to her rightful position in society. And he rightly considers it a striking illustration of the qualities which prove most attractive in women that one "of whom we know nothing except her gentleness and her sorrow" should have exerted a magnetic power upon the world incomparably greater than that of the most majestic female patriots of Paganism. And this influence was materially aided by the noble example of the virgin martyrs of the early Church, like St. Perpetua and the Lyonese slave girl Blandina. It introduced and consecrated a new ideal of excellence in which women may naturally claim pre-eminence. For the change from the heroic to the saintly, or from the Pagan to the Christian ideal, was a change from an essentially masculine to an essentially feminine type of goodness. In the classical ages it was rather by overcoming than by ennobling the characteristic peculiarities of their sex that women became illustrious. But we admire St. Elizabeth of Hungary, or Mrs. Fry, or Sister Dora, for the lofty qualities they exhibited, not in spite of their sex but in consequence of it. It is not indeed too much to say that no earlier religion, not excepting the Jewish, had given adequate scope to that gracious instinct and genius of charity which may be termed the crowning glory of womanhood. In the Christian Church it seemed at once to spring up by a spontaneous growth, and we find it already conspicuous in the New Testament. Coming down a little later, the mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and others eminent among the Fathers of the Church were mainly instrumental in the conversion of their sons, while in the organization of charitable works women took a leading part from the first. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and other noble Roman ladies devoted their time and their means to the founding and propagation of vast charitable institutions; the Empress Flaccilla used herself to nurse the sick in the hospitals, and Tertullian tells us, in the second century, that the discharge of such duties was held incumbent on Christian wives. At a very early period this new development of woman's mission received a direct ecclesiastical sanction in the institution of "widows," "deaconesses," and consecrated "virgins"—we need not enter here on the various controversies raised as to the precise form of these different offices or societies, which eventually merged in the conventual system of mediæval Catholicism. The total suppression of that system at the Reformation is regarded by Mr. Lecky, not without reason, as a misfortune to women and to the world in general. He even goes so far as to say that there is nothing so much to be deplored in modern history as the mistake made by the Reformers, who were often so timid in doctrinal innovation, when they levelled to the ground, instead of seeking to regenerate it, the whole conventual institution of the Church. It is obvious to remark that their mistake has been more or less

rectified in our own day, both in the English Church and among foreign Protestants, by the revival of sisterhoods, deaconess institutions, and the like. But it is also true, and is more to our immediate purpose, that under no phase of Christian belief which retained anything of the spirit of the Gospel, Catholic or Protestant, have there ever been wanting splendid individual examples of that charitable self-devotion which finds its corporate expression in the life of religious orders of women. Macaulay observed long ago that Mrs. Fry the Quakeress would certainly have been canonized by the Church of Rome, and the same may be said of the Unitarian Mary Carpenter and the Anglican Sister Dora, to take illustrations only of recent date. As regards the former indeed, Miss Cobbe tells us that she has "heard pious Catholics, while she lived, speak of her as 'that other Mary—Mary Carpenter.'"

We have so lately reviewed Mary Carpenter's *Life and Work* that there is no occasion here for attempting any sketch or criticism of her career as a whole. It is Miss Cobbe's avowed object in the suggestive and very readable paper she has contributed to the second number of the *Modern Review* to supplement the published *Life* by some personal recollections of her own, and these offer several points of interest. In her religious convictions Mary Carpenter belonged to the extreme right, or, as it is sometimes called, orthodox section of the Unitarian body, which is now, we believe, a rapidly diminishing one. Miss Cobbe quotes the language of prayers that she was in the habit of reading, which appeared to her—as it certainly does to us—more "Trinitarian" than Unitarian, and which was therefore to herself, as an avowed theist, not only unreal but "unspeakably painful." And it is curious to learn how Mary Carpenter, who rejected the doctrines of the Church of England not only with aversion but with something like contempt, thought it a sufficient and conclusive answer to any sceptical difficulties based on modern Biblical criticism to say, "Oh, but my father [Dr. Lant Carpenter] settled all that! He harmonized the Gospels." It may be, as Miss Cobbe suggests, that in her later years her views on such matters became broader; but at all events we have here an instructive illustration of a fact sometimes apt to be forgotten or ignored, that rigid dogmatism is confined to no one single school of Christian, or indeed of non-Christian, belief. Puritans, Baptists, Quakers, and even atheists—who would have scorned the modern sobriquet of Agnostics—have shown themselves every whit as dogmatic, and moreover quite as ready to persecute for their own cherished beliefs or unbeliefs, as the sternest of Roman Catholic inquisitors. But the special charm and nobility of Mary Carpenter's character and work, and it may fairly be added of her religion, was independent of the particular form of theology she had inherited from her father, and we can readily accept Miss Cobbe's assurance that no words can exaggerate the depth and sincerity of her devotion and saintliness of life. Few lives could better endure the Scriptural test of being judged by their fruits. Ascetic, or rather Stoical, as she was in her own temper and habits, she could be generous and indulgent to the weaknesses of others, and her cheerful and kindly forbearance in dealing with her ragged scholars is no less admirable than her courage, energy, and self-devotion. All these qualities were called into play in the "Ragged School of St. James' Back," situated in a filthy and disreputable lane at Bristol—now happily swept away—into which no policeman would ordinarily venture to penetrate:—

It was a wonderful spectacle to see Mary Carpenter sitting patiently before the large school gallery in this place, teaching, singing, and praying with the wild street-boys, in spite of endless interruptions caused by such proceedings as shooting marbles at any object behind her, whistling, stamping, fighting, shrieking out "Amen" in the middle of the prayer, and sometimes rising *en masse* and tearing, like a troupe of bions in hob-nailed shoes, down from the gallery, round the great schoolroom and down the stairs, out into the street. These irrepressible outbreaks she bore with infinite good humour, and what seemed to me more marvellous still, she heeded, apparently, not at all the indescribable abomination of the odours of a tripe and trotter shop next door, wherein operations were frequently carried on which, together with the *douquet de peuple* of the poor little unkempt scholars, rendered the school, of a hot summer's evening, little better than the ill-smelling *giro* of Dante's "Inferno." These trifles, however, scarcely even attracted Mary Carpenter's attention, fixed as it was on the possibility of "taking hold," (as she used to say) of one little urchin or another, on whom, for the moment, her hopes were fixed.

Nor was the humorous element by any means absent from her own mind or from the circumstances of her self-chosen calling. The droll things which occurred daily in this school, and the wonderful replies of the untrained and unruly urchins whom she was labouring so hard to civilize, amused her immensely. She would say herself, "Only to get them to use the school comb is something!" One day she complained to Miss Cobbe that she had been heaping coals of fire on the head of an ungrateful teacher without producing the desired effect. "It will take another scuttle, my dear friend, was the reply." At this she laughed heartily. But the next evening she had to make the sorrowful confession, "I tried that other scuttle, but it was no go!" Some of the boys' answers are very happy in their way. Thus one young ragamuffin, being asked what was meant by conscience, replied, "A thing a gen'lman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence." Another, who was questioned as to what pleasures he enjoyed most in the year, was candid enough to confess, "Cockfightin', ma'am; there's a pit up by the 'Black Boy' as is worth anything in Brissel." Miss Cobbe adds an amusing anecdote of her own experiences in this same unpromising

locality, which is creditable alike to herself and to her penitent disciples:—

One winter's night when it was raining heavily, as I was passing through Levin's Mead, I was greeted by a chorus of voices, "Cob-web! Cob-web!" emanating from the depths of a black archway. Standing still under my umbrella, and looking down the cavern, I remarked, "Don't you think I must be a little tougher than a cobweb to come out such a night as this to teach such little scamps as you?" "Indeed you is, mum; that's true!" "Well, don't you think you would be more comfortable in that nice warm schoolroom than in this dark, cold place?" "Yes, 'm, we would." "You'll have to promise to be tremendously good, I can tell you, if I bring you in again. Will you promise?" Vows of everlasting order and obedience were tendered, and, to Miss Carpenter's intense amusement, I came into St. James' Back, followed by a whole troop of little outlaws reduced to temporary subjection. At all events, they never shouted "Cob-web" again.

So thorough and hearty was Mary Carpenter's devotion to her rough and often uphill work, that a gentleman who contemplated it—from a considerable distance—thought "it was, after all, just like fox-hunting." She got up as cheerfully on a cold winter's morning to look after some hopeful little pickpocket as he got up to follow the hounds. But it must not for a moment be imagined that her view of her self-imposed duties, however cheerily she discharged them, was not a deeply and even passionately serious one. It was to her the one end of existence, and she could conceive no higher or more pressing obligation than to turn any one of these poor little sinners from the error of its ways. On one occasion she was deploring that everybody would not agree to give his undivided attention to "the great cause of the age," because, if they *did*, it would at once be carried. But what is the great cause of the age? was the universal exclamation. Was it Parliamentary Reform? or Woman's Rights? or Teetotalism? or Abolition of Slavery? or what? "Why," she replied indignantly, "the *Industrial Schools Bill, of course*." It is by such singleminded and unselfish enthusiasm as this that great reforms and beneficent conquests are achieved in the world. And Mary Carpenter was as completely absorbed, heart and soul, in the moral and spiritual culture of each individual child that came under her care as though there had been none besides, nor did any want of responsiveness on their part daunt her or tempt her to desist from the task of what she was wont to call "mothering" these waifs and strays of society. Her interest was in the children themselves, and did not evaporate, as sometimes happens, in an official interest in the Institution. One characteristic story we must subjoin in conclusion, which shows that, while her whole tone of mind and way of regarding her life-work was not only an intensely earnest but an intensely religious one, nobody could have a keener discernment of any sort of cant or a more hearty contempt for it:—

She told me one day of her visit to a celebrated institution, said to be supported semi-miraculously by answers to prayer, in the specific shape of cheques. Miss Carpenter said that she asked the matron (or some other official) whether it was supported by voluntary subscriptions. "Oh dear, no, madam," the woman replied; "do you not know? It is entirely supported by prayer." "Oh, indeed?" replied Miss Carpenter. "I dare say, however, when friends have once been moved to send you money, they continue to do so regularly?" "Yes, certainly they do." "And they mostly send it at the beginning of the year?" "Yes, yes; very regularly." "Ah, well!" said Miss Carpenter, "when people send me money for Red Lodge under those circumstances, I enter them in my *Reports as Annual Subscribers*."

LOCAL STEEPLECHASES.

NEXT to the sacred festival of the Bank Holiday ranks the local steeplechase in the estimation of the country bumpkin. It is a feast day of stricter obligation than even that of the county ball, the agricultural show, or the confirmation. We have long ago become weary of hearing the Derby spoken of as the Carnival of Great Britain, but we believe that the local steeplechase might with more justice be described as the grand festival of English country life. Against flat races many people protest, and spasmodic efforts are occasionally made to put down nearly every regular race-meeting in the country. If the principle of local option were applied to races, the lives of very few meetings would be worth twelve months' purchase; but with steeplechases it is far otherwise. The latter are absolved on the convenient plea of being "very different things," and even the clergyman often connives at them, if he does not actually attend them in person. Some few of us may perhaps remember the time when local flat races stood on much the same footing, when horses were trained at home, and two-mile heats over hilly courses were the fashion. We recollect a divine of the old high-and-dry school who always attended the races which annually took place near his comfortable rectory. On the Sunday preceding the meeting he used to take occasion when in the pulpit to deliver himself of a kind of *apologia* for the institution, and as regularly as the year came round he endeavoured to prove from a well-known passage in holy writ how it was evident that St. Paul "and the other gentlemen of his day" were in the habit of attending the races of the period. He was careful to point out that, although there was no harm in going to races, there was serious harm in heavy gambling and excessive beer-drinking—sins that he had no mind to. The days of this good man are long since ended, and in these times the general consensus of opinion among the steady-going leaders of rural opinion seems to be that flat races are wrong, but that steeplechases are right.

The first symptom of the approach of the annual steeplechase is the appearance of small account-books and pencils in the hands of certain of the sportsmen of the neighbourhood. When out hunting and in the country towns, these gentlemen go to all their acquaintances and ask for a subscription to the coming steeplechase. At the meets of the hounds, dirty-looking light-weight boys appear on long-tailed well-bred horses, which horses are destined to be described for the future as having been regularly hunted with the Sloperton Hounds; and those who value the soundness of their own limbs or those of their steeds will do well to give them a wide berth, for, being unaccustomed to the hunting-field, they frequently lash out furiously with their hind legs when other horses approach them. Here and there, in large grass-fields one sees some bushes, brambles, and two or three hurdles made up into an artificial fence, over which the farmers train their horses—an unmistakable sign of an approaching steeplechase. Many a hunting man puts one of his best horses on one side to be trained for the great event. Endless councils of war are held with stud grooms about the training of these champions, and their condition and the state of their legs become more interesting for a few weeks than all domestic and foreign politics put together. A crowd of husbands, wives, sisters, and brothers anxiously watch the steeplechase horse taking a gallop round a large field, and unless he goes absolutely lame, or roars like a bull, they are all in ecstasies at his performance, and are convinced that his victory is a moral certainty. Between the owner, the stud groom, and the advice of friends, the chances are strongly in favour of the horse's being galloped till he breaks down, and if he does not break down, it is not unlikely that his wind will be affected. As regards the jockey there is often a battle royal. The owner wants to ride himself, but his wife or mother won't let him. There is much finessing on both sides. The terrified female relative believes that her husband or son "will not really be so cruel when the time comes, but that it is better not to say too much about it"; the would-be jockey, on the other hand, thinks that if he keeps quiet his female guardian will eventually give way. As the time approaches, the strain becomes too great and there is a grand climax. Tears are copiously shed, and the "if-you-love-me-you won't-do-it" argument is resorted to. If the jockey is the father of a family, he is asked whether he has a spark of affection for his offspring remaining, and his wife declares that if her husband rides, nothing will induce her to go to see him, and that she will spend the whole day locked up in her room weeping bitterly on her knees while her unfeeling spouse is enjoying himself.

The local steeplechase is one of the few occasions for which country houses are filled with guests. It is a kind of general picnic, and it occupies the whole party from breakfast time until dinner, which is saying not a little, while it affords food for conversation during the evening before and the evening after. Few entertainments are more dependent upon the weather. Many steeplechase courses are selected near rivers, because the land adjoining them is often flat, while the surface is covered with grass, and, the pasture being rich and suited for cattle, stiff ox fences divide the enclosures. Consequently when there are unusually heavy rains, it sometimes happens that the course is flooded by the overflowing of the river, and the affair has to be put off. The most popular conveyance for use at steeplechases is a large break. Many of these carriages crowd the roads on the morning of the race, filled with people wrapped up in cloaks and ulsters, while large luncheon baskets peep between the legs of the coachmen and footmen on the boxes. There are landaus and broughams; but smart carriages seem singularly out of place when careering through the mud, and over the ridge and furrow which usually has to be traversed before the point is reached from which the race is to be witnessed. There are also farmers' shandry-dans of all descriptions, with women attired in gorgeous bonnets sitting in the back seats, the general characteristic of the vehicles being that they are in the condition technically known as "out of trim." When a carriage has been driven on to the course there is a rush of men to take out the horses and the pole and push it into a favourable position. There are bumps and jostlings, but at last the machine is brought to anchor. At the time of year at which the greater number of these steeplechases take place there is generally a cutting easterly wind, and as the spot usually chosen for the spectators is the crest of a hill, all the surroundings are eminently calculated to produce bodily discomfort in the present and influenza in the future. It not unfrequently happens that there is a heavy downpour of rain throughout the proceedings. The turf about the carriages then becomes trodden down until it is a sea of mud, and universal misery is the consequence. Boots, trousers, and dresses are soon saturated with wet and loaded with damp clay. But we will not dwell on these horrors. Be the weather wet or fine, there is generally confusion in the saddling tent. After months of anxious preparation, the amateur jockeys and trainers seem to have left everything of importance to the last moment, and every one who is concerned either directly or indirectly with the race appears to be in a fuss. To add to the confusion, one rider has failed at the eleventh hour, and a substitute has to be procured and thrust into boots, breeches, and racing colours which do not fit him, at even greater speed than his horse is likely to carry him. There is something wrong with one man's stirrup leathers, the girths of another are cracked, and a third has left his saddle-cloth and weights at home. When in racing costume, the varieties of make and shape of the British gentleman are very conspicuous, and the peculiarities of the lean and the fat are revealed in all their glory. At last

the group of horsemen are started. As they clear the first fence, the spectators give the sort of roar of admiration which is heard at a display of fireworks when a large rocket is sent off. When one horse refuses at the second fence there are shouts of laughter, and when he refuses again the populace is even better pleased. If, when chastised for his misbehaviour, the brute takes to kicking, there are screams of delight. When he at last gets over the dreaded obstacle all eyes are turned to the little party of leading horses which are now in the distance, the colours of the jockeys bobbing up and down over the ridge and furrow, or gliding with apparently little effort over the fences which come in their way. There is now a general rush to the water-jump, which the competitors have to negotiate on their course the first time round. Spectators crowd on either side of this artificial arrangement, hoping to see a good splash or roll, some broken bones, or even perhaps a corpse. Presently the leading horses come in sight and rapidly approach the sham brook, agony being depicted upon the faces of their riders. As each animal bounds over there are more sky-rocket roars of approval among the spectators. In most cases the worst that happens is that some of the horses drop their hind legs into the water where it is only a few inches deep—indeed the water-jump is often one of the safest fences in the whole course. A few fields further on a horse is seen to be riderless, but a cry of "he's up" relieves the minds of those ladies who would consider it the proper thing to be greatly shocked if any one were to be seriously hurt. Three fields from home there are only two horses left in the race, one of which refuses, and the winner comes in absolutely alone, the finish being not unfrequently the tamest part of the business. There is immense cheering, and the course is crowded, when two of the field, whose very existence had been forgotten in the general admiration of the winner, come galloping in among the people, making a very pretty race for second honours. The crowd scatters as if a shell had burst among them, and one man is knocked down and injured; but, as he was not riding in the race, he somehow or other is not supposed to count.

An interval then follows for luncheon. There is an unpacking of hampers and a spreading of white cloths on box seats, moveable tables, and ladies' knees. The parties belonging to the different carriages come flocking back like chickens to a hen, and a great feast begins. Accidents will happen at steeplechase luncheons, but they are supposed to add to the fun. The bottle of salad mixture has broken in one hamper, and its contents have permeated all the other eatables. A large dish of mutton pies has been upset by a clumsy servant, and the pies have rolled under the carriages. An eager groom, who is acting as a temporary footman, has put his foot into a mayonnaise, and a gentleman on the box of a landau has upset a bottle of champagne among four ladies who are sitting in the carriage below. We never understand why it is that people drink champagne at race luncheons who scarcely ever drink it on any other occasion. When the Englishman is celebrating high festival he considers it the proper thing to drink champagne and eat lobster salad; champagne and lobster salad consequently appear in profusion at all our steeplechases, ball suppers, and wedding breakfasts. The worst of it is that the champagne which flows so copiously at steeplechases is often very bad, and wise men and women will fight shy of fluids passing under that name on racecourses. Plenty of luncheon, much small talk, and a little racing make up the grand total of most local steeplechases; while their after consequences are a great number of bad colds. Like other amusements, they have their drawbacks; but, as amusements go, local steeplechases are not, as boys say, bad fun.

THE MEDIEVAL ABBESS.

WE have no mediæval chronicle by an English nun of an English nunnery. The female historian is a product of modern culture, and we might in vain look into the convents or the castles of olden time for an Agnes Strickland or a Mrs. Everett Green. While Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, Jocelin of Brakelond, the monks of St. Albans, and many more of the cloistered brotherhood were diligently preparing their respective narratives of the past, or recording events that were happening around or within their chapter-rooms, we do not find a single female recluse relating the incidents of her conventual life, or even becoming the historian of the mystic strivings and communings of her own poor soul. Such literary lady abbesses as Boldovina of Poitiers, Heloise of Argenteuil, Hrothswitha of Gandersheim, or Hildegard of St. Rupert's Mount, find no likenesses in the convents of England; and it was St. Teresa of Avila, and not a glorified virgin of English origin, who by her soul-piercing glances and seraphic outpourings attracted the "consecrated kisses" of Crashaw's muse. We need not suppose that all the communities of religious women were like the sisters of St. Mary de Pree, Herts, so uneducated that they could neither read nor sing, for their case was confessed to be exceptional. There were few nunneries where the inmates could not sing anthems by note in the chapel choir, as well as "chant faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon" in the cloistral walk; but it must be owned that the genius of the English nun has not impressed itself on our minds in a literary form. It is true there is the treatise on Hawking, attributed to Juliana Barnes, Prioress of Sopewell, a cell of St. Albans; and it is possible that in the

scandalous destruction of the monastic libraries at the suppression of religious houses some writings of female authorship may have perished, a fate from which Wynkin de Worde secured Juliana's book.

If we may estimate the loss of the literature of the nunneries by analogy with the destruction of their material fabrics, it would seem to be enormous. Of the Benedictine monasteries there are many noble remains, but of the nunneries of that Order almost the only complete church of importance is Romsey Abbey, a building that sheds its dignity over the whole county of Hants. Besides this, there exist a few chapels which have been converted to parish uses, such as St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and the Norman church of Elstow; also there are the stately thirteenth-century columns of Whithy, and the interesting buildings of Lacock in Wilts; but of the seventy-nine nunneries which once gave their picturesque forms to the landscape, the vestiges are now mostly confined to the foundation-charters by which the abbesses held their estates and privileges. A study of these humble-looking documents will help more to recall the former significance of the institutions they represent than even the visible grandeur of the architectural remains of some famous abbey of which kings were the founders and queens the nursing-mothers.

The first Benedictine nun was St. Scholastica, St. Benedict's sister, who about A.D. 543 founded a convent on Monte Casino. The first English nunnery was instituted at Folkestone, A.D. 630, by King Edwald, for his daughter Egwitha, whose haloed head is now on the town seal. The original charter of that house has perished, but Capgrave has preserved a notice of the foundation. One of the earliest English documents extant is a charter granted to Barking Abbey by Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 692. It is undoubtedly genuine, and has been reproduced in the first volume of *Facsimiles of Ancient Charters* from the Cotton MS. Barking was conspicuous for royal nurture, and among the illustrious ladies who followed one another in the government of the Abbey were Oswyth, daughter of Edfrith, King of Northumberland, Ethelburgha, wife of Ina, King of the West Saxons, who was afterwards canonised, and Cuthburgha, sister of the same Ina. Elfrieda, the widow of King Edgar and mother of Ethelred, after ejecting Wulfhulda, a beautiful nun of Wilton whom Edgar had seduced, took upon herself the conduct of Barking Nunnery; and Maud, wife of King Stephen, for a short time governed the same house. During the oversight of Adeliza, who succeeded Maud, Stephen and his whole court were entertained for several days in this convent, his queen, the late abbess, being among the company. In the Cotton Library is a charter with the Great Seal attached, which is dated at Barking and witnessed by the nobles present. As some atonement for the massacre of Archbishop Becket, the sister of that prelate was placed by Henry II. at the head of Barking Abbey, a dignity which made her one of the four greatest abbesses of the land, the three others being of Wilton, St. Mary's at Winchester, and Shaftesbury. We may cite Canon Venables's article "Abbess" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for the statement that the office of abbess was elective, the choice being by the secret voting of the sisters from their own body, the elect nun being afterwards solemnly ordained by the bishop. This was certainly the regular form, but distinct charters show that there were modifications in practice. At Barking the abbess was appointed by the King until about A.D. 1200, when by Papal decree the election was vested in the convent and confirmed by Royal authority. Bishop Gundulph, the founder of Malling Abbey, Kent, is reported to have governed that house himself, and to have appointed Avicia, the first abbess, only when on his death-bed. Kilburn, in Middlesex, was founded by Walter Abbot, of Westminster (ob. 1191), who assigned the manor of Paddington to the almoner of the Abbey for the provision of doles at the celebration of his anniversary. The Abbots of Westminster were prescriptively exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, an immunity which was also asserted for their dependency of Kilburn. This claim led to discord between the head of the diocese and the mitred dignitary of Westminster. To decide the dispute, Roger, Bishop of London (A.D. 1225), referred the question to the Papal Court. The result was that the prioress of the house, though appointed by the abbot, was ordered to be obedient to the bishop, who was to have access to the cell of Kilburn, to be received with procession, to preach, hear confession, and enjoin penances. The regulation of the house belonged to the abbot, and that he was not invariably severe in all the details of domestic arrangement may be inferred from the fact that the last prioress's chamber was furnished with eight pillows of down, and its walls were hung with green and red silk enriched with figured borders. Before the nuns of Langley, near Bredon, Leicestershire, could elect their own prioress, the permission of the lay patron was to be obtained, who on such occasions sent a page with a white staff to guard the door of the priory till the election was over, a process not unlike the election of the Pope. Thomas de St. Walery, lord of Ambroden, the son of the founder of Studley Nunnery, Oxfordshire, in confirming and enlarging the privileges granted by his father, made a provision that the Prioress of Studley should always be elected with the approbation of himself and his heirs, or of his seneschal, should he be absent from England; but after the election she was to be presented to the Bishop of Lincoln. She was then to do fealty at her secular patron's Court. Stamford Abbey, in Northamptonshire, was subordinate to the Abbey of Peterborough, and was built in the time of Henry II. for forty nuns. It was an annual custom on the morrow of the Feast of St. Michael for the prioress and some of her sisters, in the name of the

whole convent, to render, either by word or in writing, under the convent seal, a recognition of their subjection to the abbot. This was a less generous ordination than that enjoyed by the nuns of Anethwaite, in Cumberland. The good works of William Rufus are thought to be limited in number; but among his pious acts was the foundation, in the second year of his reign, of that convent, which he dedicated to Christ Jesus and His mother Mary. The privileges of the nuns were to be the same as those of the monastery of Westminster, and their lands to be held as freely as "hert may it thynk or ygh may it see," which is a bit of epigrammatic English inserted into the twelfth-century Latin charter.

The coming woman, when emancipated from home and husband, and raised to a seat among the lawgivers at Westminster, will have regained only a part of the authority formerly possessed by certain of her kindred. The mediæval abbess, in the midst of her devout family, was endowed with prerogatives which might satisfy the utmost greed of the votary of Social Science of the present, but which the latter will no more recover in full for her sex than Isis will again gather into one body the alienated limbs of the good Osiris. It might hardly be suspected that so advanced a stage of feminine rights had been reached more than five centuries ago as that women should be invited to co-operate with bishops and barons at the National Council. Fuller, indeed, says in his *Church History* (Book VI.) that abbesses, though holding baronies, "never were summoned as baronesses to Parliament, because that honour was never conferred on any ecclesiastical female." A reference to Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs* (vol. i. 164) will show that certain abbesses were not only theoretically entitled, by their territorial importance, to a seat in the Legislature, but that they were actually required to attend, at least on one occasion, with the great abbots, prelates, and secular magnates, the King's Parliament at Westminster. The business was to treat upon an Act for conferring knighthood on the first Prince of Wales with three hundred of his companions, and the Abbesses of Shaftesbury, Barking, Wilton, and St. Mary's Winton were summoned "in propria persona" to the consultation. A grand religious ceremony closed the proceedings, when the crowd was so dense at the Abbey that two knights were killed in the crush, and the Prince could only find room to go through his part of the ceremony by standing (so it is said) on the high altar.

The agitation for women's rights, at least in the form of the assertion of some specific claims which might seem prescriptive only to certain classes of men, dates many centuries back. The spiteful frenzy of the platform aspirant to masculine privileges is suspiciously modern. More convincing than passionate outcries against oppression was the authority of the vellum deed with its *insperimus*, sealed with the seals of successive monarchs, which the mediæval abbess coolly brought before the Royal Commissioners who demanded the antecedents of her tenure. Whether the contracted Latin of her charters was always intelligible to the abbess herself may be questioned, but she had at hand some learned chaplain or lawyer who could unfold its mystery. For instance, we find a generous expounder of the muniments of Godstow Nunnery, whose reason for affording a translation of these documents was, he says, that "women of religion in reading books of Latin be excused of great understanding where it is not their mother-tongue."

Among the prerogatives asserted by the Benedictine Abbess of Wroxall, in Warwickshire, was the right to hold a court leet and to erect its natural appendage, a gallows, both in Wroxall and Hatton, which claims were brought into question at the time of the inquisition of Edward I. into manorial customs. In the *Placita de quo Warranto*, however, it was proved that the pretensions in question had been confirmed by Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III.; they were consequently allowed by the greatest of the Plantagenets. Godfrey Gifford, Bishop of Worcester, made in his old age a visitation of Wroxall, and preached upon the text, *Non est talis mulier super terram*. There were, however, many such politically privileged abbesses as the lady he addressed on one Eve of St. Luke. The Abbess of Malling was one of those who in the *Placita* (6 Edward I.) renewed their pretensions before the royal justices to enormous liberties and franchises. Besides the minor prerogatives comprised in the assize, or correction of abuses in the supply of bread and ale, and the holding of periodical markets and fairs, she claimed to have "view of frankpledge," that is, the office usually held by the county sheriff, to take the oaths of young freemen in order to see that each was settled in some tithing which was collectively answerable for his fidelity towards the king and his subjects. The Abbess also vindicated an immemorial right, which King John had confirmed, to the nuns of St. Mary de Malling, that they should hold all their lands freely and unmolested, with the liberty of keeping court or holding trials within their jurisdiction, including the right of *furcas*, or to condemn malefactors, if men, to the gallows, or, if women, to be drowned in the nearest pool or river. In a similar manner the Abbess of Godstow (9 Edward V.) claimed view of frankpledge, the assize of bread and ale in Eton, and the right of gallows on their own land, "without the license and will of our Lord the King."

Whether the powers of the abbess extended to the entombing alive of erring sisters, as we are taught to believe in *Marmion*, may be open to question. The picturesque voyage of Abbess Hilda with her holy maids to Lindisfarne, and the tragic issues announced by the passing knell that swung over the midnight wave to the answering rock of Northumbria, causing the Warkworth hermit to tell his beads with increased devotion, and frightening the stag

on Cheviot Fell, are poetical fiction—"merely this and nothing more." We doubt whether there is an authenticated instance in Christian annals of any such tragic entombment. We remember an honest clergyman of the most pronounced Protestant type, who proposed to intensify the already sufficient charges of cruelty against a corrupt Church by adding to the treatises he had already written a paper on instances of offending nuns being committed to the grave while in health and vigour; but, after a painful search among home and foreign historians, our zealous friend was obliged to rest satisfied with the doubtful note on the subject in Sir Walter Scott's poem. Here we may touch upon the difference in the story of the wrongdoing of Marmion, as told in a document to be found in Dugdale, compared with the account with which Scott has made us familiar. According to the former narrative the Conqueror gave to Sir Robert Marmion the town and castle of Tamworth, with much surrounding district. The Abbey of Pollsworth being within the territory thus conferred, Sir Robert "chased away" the Abbess Oseyth and all the ladies of the house of Pollsworth, so that they retired to their cell of Woldbyry, and stayed there nearly a year. Within that space Marmion made a great gathering at Tamworth Castle of earls and barons and fine ladies. The feast being over and the guests retired to rest, Lord Marmion was visited in his sleep by a nun with a cross in her hand, who said to him, "Yield to me and my sisters my lands and my tenants, the which King Egbricht my father me gave, or you shall have an evil end, so shall you go into hell." Lest he should confound a reality for a dream, the lady smote him in the side with the point of her cross, and so vanished. With a sharp cry he awoke, and calling his lords, they recommended confession to a priest, and the priest ordered the restitution of the abbey to the nuns. Sir Robert Marmion and the other great lords who were at the gathering accordingly rode on the morrow to the cell of Woldbyry and brought again Oswyth and her sister to their former abode; restoring to them at the same time their lands and tenements unto the "leyst alpurth of godys." This restoration to the "last half-pennyworth" may be applied analogically to the Sisterhood of Mr. Jacob Bright in their demand to be reinstated in their Parliamentary sphere, whence subjected woman has for many days been estranged.

BRITISH DECORATIONS.

IT is related that Napoleon I., when setting foot upon the British man-of-war which was to convey him to St. Helena, was particularly impressed with the appearance of the marine guard of honour drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He inspected it carefully; and, noticing the total absence of anything like decorations among the men, inquired whether none of them had seen any service? On being informed that there was hardly a man present who had not been repeatedly engaged, he exclaimed, "What! plenty of fighting and no medals! that is not the way to encourage the military spirit." Possibly not; but we would venture to observe that just then the military spirit, with us at any rate, required but little encouragement. We had, in fact, at that moment barely concluded twenty years of well-nigh incessant war with the chief naval and military Powers of the world; war that was waged by land and by sea in every quarter of the globe, and in which our soldiers and sailors alike had achieved an almost unbroken succession of victories and triumphs to which, by the admission of the historians of our then bitterest foe, there is hardly a parallel in history. Nor was the martial spirit confined to the actual combatants; the nation at large participated in it to the full. Challenges to fight were thrown down and accepted on the smallest provocation and without a moment's hesitation, supplies were voted with enthusiasm, and the accumulation of a national debt eclipsing in magnitude anything that the world had then seen was viewed with indifference and regarded as of secondary importance to the honour and success of our arms. And yet not a single decoration was to be seen among the rank and file of our fleets and armies, and very few among the officers; even those few being principally the gifts of foreign potentates. As we shall presently see, we have since made up for lost time in this respect; but, whether the martial spirit has been thereby stimulated among our soldiers and sailors, whether they fight better now than in days of yore, is a question upon which our readers can form their own opinion.

Although, according to a well-known authority—the author of *Medals of the British Army*—decorations for military service date back as far as 1643, there was no regular issue of them, and in later times the only decorations to be seen in our army were granted by foreign monarchs. For instance, in 1794 Pope Pius VI. presented gold medals to certain officers of the 12th Lancers, in recognition of the good conduct of a detachment of that regiment which was quartered at Civita Vecchia; and in the same year gold medals were presented by the Emperor of Germany to the officers of two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons (now Hussars) to commemorate their devoted gallantry at Villiers-en-Couche. The first general issue of a medal was that granted for Waterloo, which was authorized in March 1816, and was presented to all officers and men who had served in that campaign. It appears strange enough to us that no recognition was made of the long series of military and naval battles which occurred during what is known as the revolutionary war; but, in spite of repeated efforts, it was not until 1847 that the injustice of the omission was

recognized, and on the 1st of June in that year it was announced in orders that "Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to command that medals should be struck to record the services of her fleets and armies during the wars commencing in 1793 and ending in 1814, and that one should be presented to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private or seaman who was present in any battle or siege to commemorate which medals had already been struck by H.M.'s predecessors and had been conferred upon generals or superior officers." In March 1851 another order appeared, announcing that Her Majesty had approved of the application of the East India Company to grant a medal for services ranging from the storming of Allighur in 1803 down to the siege of Bhurtore in 1826, and further confirming the grant of certain medals already awarded by the Company. The ice once broken, the stream of decorations set in, and has continued to flow with increasing force ever since. Colonel Brine, R.E., has tabulated and arranged them as far as possible in chronological order on a single sheet folding into a demi-octavo paper cover (Stanford), and we shall presently offer a few remarks on the execution of the work. In the meantime we may summarize the details by observing that there are now in existence seven British Orders available for the sterner sex, both civil and military; namely, the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, the St. Patrick, the Michael and George, the Star of India, and the Indian Empire; and to these we may add the Guelphic Hanoverian Order. For the softer sex there are the English Maids of Honour, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the St. Katharine for nurses—the last-named, by the way, being jet-black, a colour which we should have thought more suggestive than appropriate in an hospital. Of purely military decorations awarded for various campaigns or wars, we have fifteen—namely, the military war-medals for services between 1801 and 1814, the gold medal and the gold cross for certain battles in the Peninsular war, and the following medals:—the Waterloo; the South Africa (three wars, exclusive of the Zulu war); the China (three wars); the Afghan, Scinde, and Gwalior; the Sutlej; the New Zealand (three wars); the Punjab; the Indian or Frontier medal (which includes one Persian, three Burmese, and endless little wars, such as the Umbeyla, Hazara, Loosha, Jowaki, and Perak campaigns); the Crimean; the Mutiny; the Abyssinian and the Ashantee medals. In addition to the above, there are various military decorations for exceptional or gallant services, such as the Order of British India for native officers, the Indian Order of Merit for native soldiers, the Long Service and Good Conduct medal, the Distinguished Service medal, the Victoria Cross, the Empress of India commemoration medal, and the Best Shot of the Army medal. There are also eight different decorations awarded at various times by foreign potentates, such as the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish and Sardinian medals. Of purely naval decorations we have eight—namely, the Naval War Medal, 1793 to 1840; the Naval Gold Medal, 1794 to 1815, for superior officers; the Arctic Discoveries; the Good Conduct; the Baltic; the Conspicuous Gallantry; the Arctic Medal, 1875-76; and the Victoria Cross, which in the navy is suspended by a blue ribbon, whereas red is worn by the army. Wherever our land and sea forces co-operated, as in the Crimea, China, &c., the navy received a medal similar to that awarded to the army. Lastly, there are sundry medals open to all classes, such as the Royal Humane Society; the Royal Lifeboat Institution; the Shipwrecked Mariners; the Tayleur Medal, for saving life at sea; the Albert Medal, for saving life by land and by sea (two classes); and the St. John Ambulance Order.

Every one remembers how Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Clive, sneers at "the merest bauble, a medal, a cross, or a yard of coloured ribbon"; but it would take more than even a Macaulay's sarcasm to undermine the popularity which these things undoubtedly possess, at any rate with those who wear them. There is only one process which could deteriorate their value, and that unfortunately is precisely the one which is now in full force—that is to say, that, with our usual tendency to violent reaction, we are making them so common that they are rapidly becoming worthless. Take a single case, that of the C.B. Time was when this decoration was only conferred upon officers for some signal, exceptional, or meritorious service; and so long as this rule was observed it was in every sense a distinction as well as a decoration. Now it has become a sort of rule to confer it upon every officer who commands a regiment during a campaign, no matter how brief or bloodless its share may have been, and for such an officer not to receive it is tantamount to a mark of official displeasure, as a recent example in the Zulu war has clearly proved. Under these circumstances, though it may still be a decoration, it certainly is no longer a distinction. In the same way, every official who fills a post of the smallest responsibility in any of our colonies without committing any serious blunder during his term of office, expects, and feels himself aggrieved if he does not receive, the C.M.G.; and of late there has been a tendency to bestow this decoration on superior officers who serve in our colonial wars as a sort of supplement to the C.B. It seems strange that, although there is only one Imperial order for services rendered in our numerous colonies—namely, the Michael and George—no less than three have been created for India, namely, the Star of India, the Crown of India, and the Indian Empire. By the way, we notice in Colonel Brine's sheet that New Zealand has an order of its own; and probably other colonies will soon follow suit, until the number will become somewhat bewildering. Perhaps it would be as well to forestall the in-

evitable, and to institute one or two Imperial Orders for general use among our numerous possessions. Titles could easily be found; for instance, the "Star of Universal Dominion," the "Cross of Imperium et Libertas," or the "Order of the Empire on which the Sun Never Sets," would each and all, we think, be appropriate and withal attractive; but we merely submit these as suggestions. With regard to medals proper, we mean those given for service against an enemy by land or sea, there is much that seems open to objection in the system of award. They are lavished too freely and without sufficient discrimination; hence their value also is rapidly deteriorating. As a general rule, a medal is given to every man who serves in a campaign, and clasps or bars are added for every general engagement in which the wearer took part. Some of these, such as the Sutlej and Punjab medals, each with three clasps; the Crimean medal, with four clasps; and the Mutiny medal, with five clasps, all represent stern hard fighting, and, moreover, exposure to climate, and were well and fairly earned. Again there are other medals of a less pretentious nature, which nevertheless represent a considerable amount of irregular fighting and exposure to climate and disease, such as the first Burmese and Ashantee medals. On the other hand, sundry medals have been issued which represent neither danger from an enemy nor from any other source. The Baltic medal is an example. We equipped and despatched a magnificent fleet which did literally nothing. A few corvettes or frigates bombarded an isolated port here and there; but, unless we are mistaken, not a single line-of-battle-ship fired a shot in anger. Yet every sailor and marine in the fleet received a medal. Again, take the Abyssinian medal. Not a single man was killed in action during the campaign, or rather expedition, and only about fifty were wounded. Again, take the operations of the Peshawur Valley column in November 1878. The sole action in which it was engaged was the capture of Ali Musjid, which entailed a loss of 2 officers and 14 men killed, and 30 men wounded. Yet not merely a medal, but a special clasp, is to be awarded for this paltry affair, the said clasp being apparently intended to counterbalance that given to the Kuram Valley force for the action of the Peiwar. Considerations of this nature will frequently present themselves in military operations, and cannot always be ignored; but we fear that the value of the decoration is not raised by such concessions. The Crimean campaign has, however, more to answer for in this respect than any other. Here is a list of decorations worn by many officers now in the service who were not present at a single battle, having only landed in time for the close of the siege of Sebastopol:—Crimean medal, Turkish medal, Sardinian medal, Legion of Honour, Medijie, and C.B.

We cannot congratulate Colonel Brine upon the execution of his work; the very title is, in fact, misleading. For instance, if we wish to know what the Order of the Garter is like, we are confronted by a patch of blue paint and nothing else, which leaves us nearly as wise as we were before. A more correct title would have been "Ribbons of British Decorations," for that is all that Colonel Brine gives us. Nor are even these always correctly represented; for instance, the ribbon of the Bath is crimson, not light red, as given; the Sardinian ribbon is far darker than Colonel Brine represents it; and the beautiful Scinde and Gwalior ribbon is mutilated almost beyond recognition. Still it is the first attempt yet made in this direction, and perhaps we may some day be favoured with a more elaborate work. We have also to notice *British Naval and Military Medals and Decorations*, by Mr. J. Harris Gibson (Stanford). Mr. Gibson confines himself to purely military and naval medals and decorations. He makes no attempt at illustration, but his descriptions are nevertheless complete, exhaustive, and correct. The obverse and reverse of every medal, the ribbon by which it is suspended, the number of clasps accompanying it, and the service for which it was awarded, are all given in a clear, concise, and simple manner. In addition to the medals already noticed, Mr. Gibson gives us a long list of what may be called private medals, peculiar to various regiments or ships, which must have cost him considerable trouble and research. His list of naval battles and services, including as it does even boat actions, is the most complete and comprehensive we have seen. We have known many more ostentatious works, but none which more thoroughly merits success.

M. GOT'S DIARY IN LONDON.

M. GEORGES D'HEYLLI, who is known as the writer of various brochures and volumes connected with theatrical matters, has added to the list of his works a little book containing the diary, or passages from the diary, kept by M. Got when some of the Comédie Française came to London in 1871, and also the journal kept by M. Sarcey in 1879. M. d'Heylli opens his interesting compilation with an introduction which gives a brief account of the three journeyings undertaken by the Comédie, one of which in 1868 carried them through provincial France, while the others were the two visits to London above referred to. The difference between the first expedition and the second was marked enough. As soon as it was known that the Comédie was about to make a provincial tour, M. Thierry, who was at that time the administrator of the Company was besieged by letters from mayors, prefects, and critics in various country towns, all clamouring for a visit; and of course those small towns which were left out of the route

were filled with indignation. One important place, Bordeaux, was singularly unlucky. M. Halanzier, who was at that time managing the theatre there, had made a contract with the Company of the Gaité to run a *féerie* at Bordeaux for a time, which covered the leave of absence of the Comédie, and this contract it was impossible to break. Saving, however, a few such annoying circumstances as these, the whole tour, which, like that of 1879, was the result of extensive repairs going on in the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, was a complete triumph. The second absence of the Comédie from Paris took place under very different circumstances, and seemed at first as if it would have far less satisfactory results. Possibly, however, the fact that in the end it did save the Théâtre Français from the ruin which seemed to threaten it may be held to have made up for the difficulties and discouragements encountered at the outset. These were not few. There was only one theatre available at the time for the purposes of M. Got, who headed the expedition; and the smallness of this house—the Opéra Comique—made it necessary to announce prices which, at that date, were thought somewhat high. There were other difficulties to be got over; and, while the fifteen players of mark who came over to England had these to contend with, their comrades in Paris fared no better. On the 11th of May M. Thierry wrote to M. Got:—"Je suis comme vous; j'ai bon espoir dans le succès de vos efforts et de ceux de vos camarades. . . . Quant à nous, nous faisons, comme vous à Londres, des raccords et des répétitions à n'en plus finir. Vous savez probablement que Boudeville nous est venu en aide. Avec lui nous avons eu *Le Menteur*, où il a joué le rôle de Cliton, et nous allons avoir *Le Mariage de Figaro*, où il jouera Antonio. Un jeune comédien du théâtre de Cluny qui se nomme Richard s'est mis aussi pour l'honneur à notre disposition, ce qui nous fait à peu près deux amoureux, car nous n'avions qu'un, hélas! nous n'avions que Charpentier pour la tragédie comme pour la comédie, et nous ne pouvions pas même jouer les deux actes du *Dépit Amoureux*. Il n'est pas possible de se figurer une plus étroite pénurie." It is not stated whether this young actor was identical with the M. Richard who was playing not long ago at the Français, and who, if we remember rightly, appeared in London last year. The letter goes on to say that the audience is numerous, but not lucrative. The National Guard found visits to the theatre an agreeable distraction, and the municipality of the first arrondissement sent in a tragedy to be played. M. Thierry objected that there was no reading committee. "We will find you one" was the answer; and the further objection that there not enough actors at hand was met in the same way. It does not seem, however, that the tragedy was ever performed.

M. Got's diary, which in the first instance was never meant for publication, is in various ways full of interest, and he seems to have had more than enough to do all the time. On the 19th of April, having started his arrangements for the season and left M. Bressant to see them carried out, he returned to Paris, and found himself put up to play *Le Duc Job* the very next night, and for one or two nights following before his return to London. His remarks upon the first performance of the play just named in London are characteristic, and his criticism on the piece is perfectly just:—"Spectacle, *Le Duc Job*. Recette, 4,100 fr. Voilà qui semble remonter, mais cela ne durera pas. Non. La pièce est jouée trop faiblement; les premiers interprètes ont vieilli depuis douze ans, dame! . . . Et les nouveaux ne sont pas toujours bons, et ne s'en doutent guère. Et puis la pièce, si honnête et bien pensée qu'elle soit, est écrite dans une espèce d'argot, demi-bourgeois, demi-rapin de la haute, qui doit être inextricable pour les oreilles anglaises." It is curious to contrast the account of the next performance—*Le Misanthrope*—with M. Sarcey's description of the reception of the same play eight years later at the Gaité. M. Got wrote, "Je m'en doutais bien avec ce diable de *Misanthrope*. Mes camarades avaient beau dire! Pourquoi Londres s'intéresserait-elle à ces subtilités toutes morales davantage que Paris?" M. Got seems to underrate this great play, and the public which listened to it on the first night of the 1879 visit contradicted his notion that it could not be appreciated in England. M. Sarcey, in a passage which bears amusing marks of his amiable delight at finding that London was not inhabited by savages, wrote of it thus:—"It was to be feared that *Le Misanthrope* might prove a trifle wearisome. Between ourselves, this play is not always a source of unmixed delight even in Paris; one listens to it with respect, but without enthusiasm. What chance, then, would it have with an audience which, however intelligent and educated, could not be as familiar as we are, whether with the court manners of the time or with the delicacies of our language? Well! It is an astonishingly improbable fact which I state, without trying to explain it, that *Le Misanthrope* had a prodigious effect. Nor was the applause premeditated. It was not a case of a whole audience that had agreed to hide its ignorance and boredom with polite bravos. Not at all; people laughed in the right places, and marked their knowledge of them with that little buzz of contentment which rises from stalls to boxes, and cannot have been prearranged."

To return, however, to M. Got's diary. It is to be regretted that he has, from excellent motives, omitted what would have been a most interesting account of his hurried journey to Paris, on the 20th of May, to see after his parents' safety, and of the perils which he encountered during his stay there. All that we hear of these is contained in his account of how, on his arrival in London again on a Sunday morning, he immediately bought an *Observer* to see what had been going on during the week. "Performances."

he writes, "had been given every evening by our company, and the paper was filled with details, fortunately somewhat more terrible than true, of events in Paris. Amongst other headings was this—'M. Got Shot.' How on earth could this news arrive before I did?"

Shortly after his return *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* was represented. As to this, as well as to other pieces, M. d'Heylli, in his introduction, makes some pertinent remarks. "How curious," he says, "were the casts of the pieces, given all of them by the same fifteen players! For instance, in *Le D pit Amoureux*, which in Paris serves for a *lever du rideau*, and is generally entrusted to *pensionnaires*, there appeared in London MM. Got (Mascarille), Delaunay (Eraste), and Coquelin (Gros-Ren ). In *L'Honneur et l'Argent* the all but dumb parts of friends and creditors were played by Bressant, Febvre, Boucher, and even the *r gisseur* Chevallier, who came on to increase the crowd. In *Le Misanthrope* we have Got playing L'Exempt and Mlle. Favart C lim ne. Coquelin appears as the dancing master in *Il ne faut jurer de rien*, and Talbot in the same piece as a tavern-keeper with a few lines to speak." In the *Barbier de S ville* Febvre played the little part of the notary, and Garraud that of l'Eveill , while in *Mercadet* Delaunay appeared as M ricourt, and Coquelin as Justin. Other pieces are quoted to illustrate the curious fact of London audiences having seen "casts" more interesting, in the way of the smallest parts being filled by the best actors, than have ever been presented in Paris.

It would be tedious to remind readers how different not only in this, but in many other matters, was the latest visit of the Com die to London. Then the way was smoothed for the success which was from the first assured. It is, however, generally more interesting to read of a successful struggle with difficulties than of a success never interrupted; and there is more pleasure to be got from M. Got's diary of jottings than from M. Sarcey's elaborate and self-conscious platitudes.

CITY PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

"**B**EATI possidentes," said Prince Bismarck; but, true as the saying may be in the territorial affairs of great States, it is not so universally true of the subjects of those States in relation to the property which they may possess. The landowner in England is now told by Mr. Gladstone that he holds his possessions only at the will of the Parliament of the day; the fundholder of a generation or two ago lived in daily fear of "the sponge"; the Irish Church in our own time held its revenues by a better title than that by which Woburn is held by its owner, but Black Care sat behind it, and a great defender of the Church arose who swept those revenues away and devoted them to the benefit of idiots and lunatics. In like manner the great City Guilds hear not without trembling the threatening murmurs which Liberals—other than Liberal members for the City—are wont to raise on the subject of the great estates owned and administered by them; lawfully owned and well administered, no doubt, but which not the less offer an irresistible temptation to a certain class of politicians, who, like the hypochondriac, cry always, "We were well; we would be better," and in the result seldom realize their wish.

Among other *possidentes* to whom their possessions are, now at least, no great blessing are the owners of those funds whence proceed the charities that give a heading to our article. They also, in most cases, hold their property by a perfect title, and appear to have administered it for the most part fairly and equitably for the benefit of those to whose use the piety of former ages had destined it. The great difficulty in their way—that which has made their possessions rather a *damnum hereditas* than a benefit—is that the recipients of the charities, either by operation of law, by the advance of civilization, or by a change in the habits of the people, have in great measure perished from out of the land; and that, though legal ownership still exists in the persons of the trustees, the funds have frequently no real owner, by failure of the *cestui-que trusts*. Under these circumstances a Royal Commission was issued in the autumn of 1873 to the Duke of Northumberland and the six following gentlemen—Canon Gregory, the Rev. William Rogers, Mr. Farrer Herschell, Q.C., Mr. George Cubitt, Mr. Albert Pell, and Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs—to inquire into the condition of these Parochial Charities, and to make such recommendations as their inquiries might suggest for their future regulation and administration and for the due appropriation of the funds. The intent of the Government in appointing such a Commission was doubtless to secure moderate and well-considered recommendations; and the names of the Commissioners, representing as they do different sections of political feeling, are a guarantee that, while no violent changes would be proposed and no funds belonging to these charities unduly diverted from their original objects, none would be left either to accumulate needlessly or to be spent on unworthy objects. The Report which has just been printed appears to us to justify this expectation, and will, we think, on the one hand, go far to satisfy those who have been urgent in demanding the inquiry; and, on the other, to calm the fears of those who apprehended that they would be deprived of their ancient and just rights in funds which had been given for their benefit or committed to their care.

That some action was urgently required will be manifest by a glance at some of the facts brought out in the evidence collected by the Commission, alike as to the condition of the recipients of

the charities, the present amount of the funds, and the uses to which they have been put. It is very much to the credit of the authorities in the several parishes that, in spite of their not unnatural fears of the tendency of such an inquiry, so little reluctance has been shown by them to give full information to the Commissioners on all these points.

The area of the City is but one square mile, the number of civil parishes therein contained is 109 (reduced by union for ecclesiastical purposes to 60), and the population at the time of the last decennial census was 75,000, against 112,000 according to the census of 1861. The annual income held by these 109 parishes collectively was in 1876 no less than 104,904*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, given or bequeathed for the most part for eleemosynary and ecclesiastical purposes, but in part also acquired, whether by gift or by purchase out of the rates, for the general purposes of the parishes. Of this sum, however, 17,700*l.* is now administered under schemes approved by the Court of Chancery; and other schemes, involving about 6,200*l.* a year, are still under the consideration of the Court; so that the net annual income coming under the view of the Commission may be taken to be about 81,000*l.*, besides any increment which during the four years since 1876 may have accrued from the augmentation in the value of property in the City. The probability of such increment may be gathered from such instances as that of St. Augustine's, where a house let for 20*l.* in 1868 now produces 250*l.*; that of Allhallows, Lombard Street, where houses rented in 1860 for 48*l.* now let for 1,200*l.*; and that of St. Peter le Poor, where the rent of certain houses belonging to the parish was raised in 1873 from 60*l.* to 1,450*l.*

While the money value of the charity estates has been continually increasing, such of the objects to which the funds were devoted as had not wholly passed away were daily diminishing in an inverse ratio. Not to speak of gifts for "superstitious uses," which had either been seized by the Crown or transferred to other ecclesiastical or eleemosynary purposes, there were many instances in which the original and praiseworthy purpose of the donor had been forgotten or neglected and the money otherwise employed. Thus daily prayers for which funds had been given ceased to be said in some churches. Lectures ceased to be given in others. Bow Bell was, by the will of one Downing, who devised a house for its maintenance, to be rung at nine every night, and now, to the loss of many whose title to be called Cockneys may therefore seriously be called in question, is rung no longer. Some parishes which are possessed of funds destined for church purposes have no church of their own to which to apply them; while other parishes have churches, but no funds with which to maintain them. Some have abundant money to relieve the wants of the poor, but have no poor to relieve. Some have neither poor nor rich, and indeed have no householders, properly so called. Thus the Bank of England, like another Dragon of Wantley, has swallowed up the church and the whole of the parish most prophetically called St. Christopher le Stocks, and has devoured also no small part of the parish of St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, which only saved its church from the same fate by transporting it stone by stone into Fore Street. The Post Office, again, represents three-quarters of the parish of St. Anne and St. Agnes; and the Cannon Street Railway Station is left to account for a large part of Allhallows-the-Great, from which parish in 1873 twenty-seven families were being expelled by the destruction of their houses for City improvements. The churchwarden of St. Andrew Hubbard, searching for a poor man like Diogenes for an honest one, "could not find a single poor person who had any possible claim on the parish"; while the more fortunate rector of St. Vedast Foster says, "There is one poor person in the parish." St. Peter le Poor belies its name, for "there are very few poor within its boundaries." Where, as in this last case, the objects of charity have not wholly ceased from among us, the income is frequently far more than sufficient. St. Anne and St. Agnes has a balance "which wants to be dealt with." Another parish, having more than it needs for Church purposes, is able to spend it and borrow more for a very profitable building speculation. "The consequence," says one witness, "of having large sums of money without proper recipients, is that the parish estate is looked on as a milch-cow." St. Mary Bothaw has a bequest of 3*l.* a year for the poor; but there are no poor, so the parish cannot distribute it.

The clergy and parish officials charged with the administration of these charitable funds appear to have done their best to distribute them fairly, when the circumstances of the parish gave them opportunities of doing so within its borders—applying to Church purposes that which either by direction of the donor or by fair construction could be so applied, and to the relief of the poor what was plainly eleemosynary in its origin; often in the latter case interpreting their duty largely, and seeking beyond the bounds of the parish those poor who had formerly belonged to it, and even, in a few instances, the descendants of such as had so belonged. The Rector of Allhallows the Less speaks with pride of the discovery of "three extra objects in Christmas 1878—old men who had been working in the parish for a great number of years, and are now unable to do anything." It cannot be said, however, that all their almsgiving was quite justifiable, or even well calculated to benefit its objects. Sometimes, through want of knowledge, and in defiance of political economy, surplus funds were applied to the payment of poor rates, thus (at least under the altered condition of the Poor-law) benefiting the rich and not the poor. Sometimes this mistake was due to the original sin of the donors, whose bounty had taken the form of doles; concerning which doles

there is a very general agreement in the evidence that they are at best useless and tend to pauperize the recipients; and one vestry clerk euphemistically says of them that "they do not tend to promote the sobriety of the district."

Under the circumstances to which we have above referred, it is no wonder if the parishes have been sometimes hard put to it to find an outlet for their funds, and have occasionally been too ready to act on the maxim "Charity begins at home." The direction which this abuse has taken has been not unnaturally towards the increase of the creature comforts of the vestry or the parishioners. Thus the vestry of St. Anne and St. Agnes enjoy "a glass of wine round," and an Easter dinner. The vestry of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, expend 72*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* on "visiting the tombs," a phrase which a witness explains by saying, "It simply means a dinner given by the churchwardens out of the funds voted by the vestry." In the parish of St. Martin Orgar all the parishioners who chose to attend were made happy by a Greenwich dinner at a cost of some 72*l.* It is fair to add that in some cases the entertainments are paid for out of moneys claimed by the parishes as their own property, and not as charity funds, while in other cases money was especially bequeathed for a feast to promote good will and reconciliation. But the vestry do not appear to confine themselves to the precise amount of 5*s.*, which the donor had left for what he calls "a love feast," with the same conscientiousness which they exhibit in the case of the bequest of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* dedicated "to the maintenance of some godly, virtuous, and well-disposed scholar at the University of Oxford or Cambridge." The 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* is, we presume, still enjoyed by the scholar, but a dinner at Richmond costing 60*l.* represents for the too fortunate legatees the modest 5*s.* of the testator. And it has not been their own comfort only which some parishes have sought, but also the discomfort of others; as witness the surprising contributions of 25*l.* and 50*l.* respectively by the parishes of St. Vedast Foster and St. Michael le Querne, in aid of the efforts of the Church Association for the prosecution of their rector.

This condition of things was unsatisfactory enough; and accordingly some of the parishes submitted schemes to the Charity Commissioners. Some of these schemes have been considered and approved, while some, though long ago submitted, still remain for one reason or another untouched; and of the schemes approved some no longer meet the necessities of the case. Thus a sum which has already reached 1,344*l.*, and is still accumulating, was appropriated, under a scheme sanctioned by Sir J. Romilly, to provide a cemetery for the parish of St. Michael, Crooked Lane; but, as hardly any one lives in the parish, few are likely to die there, and none to need a cemetery. Several of the witnesses seem to have given much attention to plans for the better distribution of the charities. Thus a witness, speaking on behalf of St. Augustine, says:—

We considered it would be more satisfactory to wait for some general scheme rather than apply for a scheme for our individual charities. In the furtherance of a general scheme we should be very glad to pay over such sums of money as we fairly could not find employment for in the parish. A strict line should be drawn between (1) the large bequests for strictly ecclesiastical purposes, *i.e.* for the maintenance and upholding of the fabric of the churches and the maintenance of divine worship; and (2) the purely eleemosynary gifts.

And a witness from St. Christopher le Stocks, who attaches more importance to local administration, says:—

There would be no difficulty in applying these charities if we were allowed to apply them to those who work in the parish, who are a very large class, among whom would be many proper recipients.

The foundation of any satisfactory redistribution must be local administration. It was argued at a meeting of churchwardens and trustees that what was required was not so much a confiscation of our property, but largely increased facilities for making use of it; and a speedy way of getting authority to make use of it.

It will be seen that the Commissioners have reconciled both these views. Their Report says:—

It would be easy to multiply examples of the defects and anomalies apparent in the present administration of the City Parochial Charities, but we believe that we have given enough to establish the following facts; namely,

That this administration is not calculated to be productive of the full benefits which ought to accrue to the class for whose advantage these charities were originally founded.

That the relation between the administering bodies and that class is so completely altered, that neither in the strictly literal nor the strictly legal sense can the intentions of the founders generally be carried out.

That in practice the administrators are compelled to act on the *cy pres* principle according to the will or caprice of the local managing bodies.

That it is practically impossible to effect a combination of these Charities under the existing system.

And they proceed to recommend that an Executive Commission be appointed, paid out of the funds of these charities, and consisting of three persons, of whom one is to be a member of the staff of the Charity Commissioners. The duties of this Commission would be (1st) to inquire into the origin and administration of each charity, and to examine the accounts of the trustees for seven years past; (2nd) to classify the charities under two heads—namely, Eleemosynary and Ecclesiastical. It is proposed to include in the Ecclesiastical class not only such funds as by the terms of the bequests went to the maintenance of the fabric, the services, or the clergy, but also such as have been for many years so used by the parish. It is on this point that a difference of opinion was manifested by some members of the Commission, to whose memoranda on the subject we will presently advert. The Report continues:—

In those parishes where the income of any estate or estates has been

applied for the maintenance of the fabric or support of the church, as well as for the relief of the poor, and there is no evidence that such application is inconsistent with the intention of the donors, the Executive Commission would be instructed to make an equitable division of the proceeds of such estates, the one portion to be applicable to ecclesiastical, the other to eleemosynary purposes.

And it is suggested that out of the mass of ecclesiastical funds the Commission should allot to each parish whose endowments bear that character such portion as it may deem necessary. This being deducted, the trustees are to be required to hand over the surplus to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to be by them applied in aid of the erection and repair of churches, and of the spiritual needs of the poorer parishes within the metropolitan area, devoting to the increase of poorer benefices within the same area the funds derived from bequests for lectures, &c. As to the funds classed as eleemosynary, the trustees in the several parishes are to retain such an amount for the purposes of their trusts as the Executive Commission may authorize, and are to hand over the surplus to a Board to be constituted for the purpose, to which Board will also pass the whole estate of any trust where it can be shown that its objects no longer exist.

The proposed constitution of the Board is as follows:—

Fifteen members chosen by ballot from the representatives of the City parishes, such representatives being elected annually in the proportion of one to each parish by the electors on the parliamentary registry.

Two members of the Common Council.

Two of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Two of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

With four co-optative members, together with a paid chairman and secretary, to be appointed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

On this Board would devolve the duty of forming schemes for the application of the funds dedicated to strictly charitable or philanthropic purposes arising from the above sources and from the suppression of obsolete charities; and the Report indicates certain examples of objects to which the funds might be applied in the discretion of the Board, but subject to the disapproval, within a fixed time, of the Charity Commissioners, to whom all schemes as well as the accounts of the Board are to be submitted. The intervention of the Charity Commission does not commend itself to Mr. Herschell, who would leave the Board unfettered; but we incline to think that it would be unwise to leave the disposal of these funds to the sole and unchecked discretion of a popular Board; and we do not see any force in the objection which the same Commissioner urges, with the support of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Pell, to the use of the increment of any particular trust for kindred purposes to those on which the original funds of the trust have been for a long time employed. If, for example, any City parish possesses an estate given or hitherto used for church purposes, and either the church has been taken down, or the value of the estate has enormously increased, there seems to us to be no valid reason why the surplus funds so arising should not be employed for church purposes in other parishes.

Altogether we must consider the recommendations of the Commission to be of a very satisfactory and practical character, and such as can scarcely fail to command the approval of the incoming Government.

THE FLOATING DEBT.

THE impending change of Ministry has given rise to a general expectation that the Floating Debt will be speedily and largely reduced. The expectation is natural. It has been the policy of all Liberal Governments for a long time, or indeed, we should rather say, of all Administrations preceding the present, to keep the Floating Debt at a low figure. For example, we have to go back to the time of the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny to find it above 20 millions. In 1856 it slightly exceeded 28 millions; but strenuous efforts were then made to bring it within more manageable proportions, and in 1859 it was got down to a little more than 18½ millions. In 1866 it only slightly exceeded 8 millions; and in 1874, when Mr. Gladstone's Administration came to an end, it was under 4½ millions. Thus, between the close of the Crimean war and the defeat of the last Liberal Cabinet, nearly six-sevenths of the Floating Debt were paid off or funded. But with Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry a change set in, and at the termination of the financial year which has just ended this part of the debt had again risen to over 30½ millions, or more than 2½ millions higher than it was at the close of the Crimean war. During the six years of the present Administration the Funded Debt has been reduced 26 millions, but the increase of the Floating Debt was somewhat greater, and thus the net result is that the liabilities of the country have been increased during the period by a quarter of a million. It is quite true, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out in his last Budget statement, that a large part of the Floating Debt is covered by excellent security, and in reality adds nothing to the taxpayer's burdens. The Suez Canal Bonds, for instance, not only represent a very valuable property, but the interest on them is paid by the Egyptian Government. Again, the loan of two millions to India is repayable at very short dates. And the advances to local authorities are well secured, while the interest is covered by that which the local authorities pay. Sir S. Northcote is therefore justified in saying that the debt which imposes a burden upon the taxpayer has been reduced during his administration by 18 millions. But we are not now concerned with the reduction of the general debt. Our object is

to trace the growth of the Floating Debt, which, whether recoverable from other quarters or not, is in the first place a portion of the liabilities of the United Kingdom. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's last Budget statement, the Floating Debt was last month composed as follows:—5,100,000*l.* Exchequer Bonds, 5,431,000*l.* Treasury Bills, 3,800,000*l.* Suez Canal Bonds, 8,360,000*l.* Local Loan Bonds, and 8,100,000*l.* Supply Bonds, making altogether 30,791,000*l.* The last item mentioned in this list, the 8 millions of Supply Bonds, represents the accumulated deficits of the last few years, and Sir Stafford Northcote himself found it necessary to provide for paying off the larger part of these. He proposed, accordingly, by means of Terminable Annuities, to clear off 6 millions in five years, thus leaving only 2 millions of the accumulated deficits to be dealt with. We showed last week, when commenting upon the yield of the revenue in the past financial year, that the current year will probably give a surplus of a million or two, and, in addition, the South African colonies are expected to contribute something to the cost of the Zulu war. Evidently Sir S. Northcote calculated upon paying out of these two sources within the next twelve months the two millions of accumulated deficits which he left uncovered. Let us assume that his intention in this respect will be carried out by his successor. We then have as the amount of the Floating Debt to be dealt with by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer about 22½ millions. This is a considerably larger amount than, since the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, has been thought compatible with good finance by Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer.

We have on former occasions shown the objections to a very large Floating Debt, and we need not go over the same ground again; the more especially as Sir S. Northcote himself admits the justice of such objections, though he endeavours to turn their point by observing that little more than half his Floating Debt is in the hands of the public. Unquestionably this diminishes their force. The National Debt Commissioners are not likely to throw his Bills upon the Chancellor's hands at an inconvenient time. But it is to be borne in mind that, to the extent to which the Commissioners invest in Treasury Bills and Exchequer Bonds, to the same extent they lessen their purchases of Consols and Terminable Annuities. However, we need not push this point, but may rest content with Sir S. Northcote's express admission that a large Floating Debt in the hands of the public would be inconvenient, and with his practical admission, by the creation of Terminable Annuities, that its amount last month was excessive. The interesting question just now is, what will the next Chancellor of the Exchequer do? We have shown above what has been the practice of previous Liberal Ministers, and sound theory is undoubtedly in favour of that practice. Moreover, for the next few years there is likely to be a motive for keeping down the Floating Debt which Sir S. Northcote has not had. He succeeded to office just when the period of prosperity "by leaps and bounds" had come to a close, and since then year after year the depression went on increasing. In consequence, the value of money tended downwards, and, with certain exceptions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to borrow on very moderate terms. Now the tide has apparently again turned, and we may hope that a period of fresh prosperity has set in, during which the value of money will tend upwards. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will therefore not be able to borrow on such favourable terms, and occasionally may even have to pay high rates. This will be a check upon borrowing; and at the same time the return of prosperity, by increasing the revenue, will afford less excuse for further resorts to credit. We may conclude, therefore, that a reduction of the Floating Debt is probable. It remains only to inquire in what way it had best be effected.

To apply to this purpose the surpluses which improved trade and increased employment may be expected to yield would be a slow process, and would leave the Government exposed to all the inconveniences attending constant renewals of bills in a rising market. There remains the alternative either of the issue of Consols or the creation of fresh Terminable Annuities. But it is hardly to be supposed that the new Government will add to the permanent debt of the country by the issue of Consols. All parties are at length awaking to the duty of reducing the debt in times of peace and prosperity; and to increase it would be a retrograde movement for which there is no justification. The obvious means of attaining the object in view would be to follow the example set by Sir S. Northcote last month, which itself followed the precedent of 1864, when 5 millions of Floating Debt were cancelled, and to convert another portion into Terminable Annuities. Of course there is the difficulty that there is no public market for Terminable Annuities. Whether it be that the investing public do not like a stock which expires after a term of years, or that the conditions offered are not considered sufficiently favourable, it is certain that in the open market Terminable Annuities do not sell. Consequently they can be created only to the amount which the National Debt Commissioners have funds to absorb. But there seems no reason to apprehend a serious obstacle in this direction. The mere reduction of the Floating Debt, however, is of much less importance than the stoppage of its growth. In the statement given above of the composition of the Floating Debt we saw that over 8½ millions are Local Loan Bonds—that is to say, have been incurred in order to lend money to local authorities. As long as this system continues, the Floating Debt must go on growing; and how to stop it is the first point to which a new Chancellor of the Exchequer

should give his attention. Sir S. Northcote attempted but failed to do this, and it must be admitted to be by no means an easy task. The local authorities are required by law to effect a great many improvements which involve them in considerable expense, and they have now grown accustomed to obtain the money on easy terms from the Treasury. To refuse to lend further would obviously provoke much discontent, which might find vent in ways anything but agreeable to party leaders. But risks of this kind have to be run by statesmen who undertake the responsibility of government. It is not necessary absolutely to stop lending. There are some public works so desirable that the Government are bound to insist upon their execution, and yet the local authorities may be too poor to bear the charge which they would have to incur if they borrowed in the open market. But loans should be restricted to cases where there is a plain necessity for them. It is ridiculous to lend to such a town as Birmingham, whose credit ought to be good enough to secure fair terms in the open market. If there is anything in the state of the law which prevents such a town from borrowing reasonable amounts for useful purposes, the law ought to be reformed at once. But if the difficulty of borrowing arises from past extravagance, or from too great haste in making improvements, and consequently in incurring debt, there would be no harm in the town being made to feel the consequences. Nor is it only to great centres of industry like Birmingham that these remarks apply. Loans to local authorities should be exceptional, and should be made in each particular instance only on proof that the public interest requires it. In London, for example, the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works is so good that it is able to borrow advantageously not only for itself, but also for the parish vestries. If this precedent were followed widely, the State need seldom intervene. Assuming that the County Government Boards to which the Liberal party is pledged are called into existence, they ought to stand in high credit, and ought to be able to lend profitably for themselves to the smaller rural districts, which at present are those that most need Treasury help. The real problem, then, involved in the reduction of the Floating Debt is not how best and most speedily to pay off a portion of it, but how to stop its future growth. And this, again, resolves itself into the question, how to get rid of the necessity for making advances to local authorities. Until this latter question is solved satisfactorily, the difficulty will continue to recur.

REVIEWS.

SCHÖMANN'S ANTIQUITIES OF GREECE.*

THE object of the translators in publishing this work in an English dress is to place in the hands of English scholars a book which may serve as a connecting link between a History of Greece like that of Grote and a Dictionary of Antiquities like that of Dr. William Smith, and which may therefore be used less as a work merely for reference than as a series of systematic treatises on integral parts of the subject. Thus the greater part of this, the first volume, of Schömann's work is occupied with the constitutional history of Athens and Sparta; the general characteristics of the Greek State and the forms through which it had passed, before we reach the period of a contemporary written history, being given in two earlier sections or parts. The value of such a work must depend almost wholly on the soundness of the conclusions or general views of the author on the chief questions with which he must deal in summary rather than in full detail. Practically he is discharging the office of the historian; but he is also giving judgment without placing the whole of his evidence before the reader. This must be so from the necessity of the case; but it is clear that the work will assume a very different form as it comes from the hands of a Mitford, a Thirlwall, or a Grote. Of the two States to the portraiture of which the larger portion of this volume is devoted, the more brilliant city, which has left its mark on all time, has a history as brief and rapidly shifting as it was splendid. During this short period it furnished lessons of political experience from which statesmen of every age have gained wisdom. It exhibited an astonishing growth in a constitution which secured the largest amount of freedom to the individual citizen and insured his highest culture by means of an education which drew out every part of his nature, and impelled him to make the greatest sacrifices for the sake of the State to which he owed a life of such many-sided activity and such exquisite refinement. This phase of short-lived splendour was followed by a war with a rival State which represented tendencies widely, if not radically, opposed to its own; a State which insisted on the complete isolation of the members of the Hellenic people, which set its face steadily against the Pan-Hellenic dreams of Perikles, and which rendered the growth of an Hellenic nation wholly impossible. This war tempted the Athenians to an abandonment of the policy in which alone, as Perikles had assured them, they would find safety; and the frightful catastrophe which was the direct consequence of their fault naturally weakened the con-

* *The Antiquities of Greece*. Translated from the German of G. F. Schömann. By E. G. Hardy, M.A., Head-Master of the Grammar School, Grantham, and J. S. Mann, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. *The State*. Rivingtons. 1880.

fidence of the people in their own political sagacity, and made them disposed to listen to advisers who proposed to point out to them the only practicable method of escape from their difficulties and their troubles. The result was the upsetting of the constitution the foundations of which had been laid by Solon, and of which the superstructure had been raised by Kleisthenes, Ephialtes, and Perikles himself. Now it is clear that the value of the lesson which the whole of this wonderful history teaches must be measured precisely by the degree in which our judgment of the several actors in it squares with the facts. If these facts cannot be given in detail, it becomes of the first importance to ascertain whether the change which led to the exaltation of the Four Hundred was good or bad, whether the oligarchic party or that of the people most desired the good of the country, and most consistently and steadily worked for it, and to which party the evils from which Athens suffered were chiefly to be ascribed.

We shall see presently how far Schömann's judgment on this question and on some others scarcely less important can be accepted with entire confidence; but we may say at once that the method of the work is thoroughly sound, and that the book ought to be both attractive and profitable to the student. The author set about his task with the purpose of imparting "a vivid understanding of classical antiquity" to readers who, "without having made any special investigation into the ancient world, nevertheless feel the need of making themselves better acquainted with its spirit and character." But he was aware that a general interest would be felt only in that portion of the subject which is concerned with the social, political, and religious life of the Greeks; and to this he has rightly confined himself. An introductory chapter on Homeric Greece, in which the evidence of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to the prehistoric condition of the country is not unduly strained, brings him to a survey of those shifting scenes in the political development of the country which preceded the historical Greece of Herodotus and Thucydides. Nor can it justly be said that the picture here drawn of Homeric society prejudices any questions which may be supposed to lie open with regard to the time when the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as they have come down to us, assumed their exact present shape. The poems themselves may be the work of one poet or of many; they may have been pieced or dovetailed together; but the pictures which they bring before us belong beyond doubt to a comparatively primitive state of things; and, when we find with regard to particular crimes, for instance, a stage of sentiment markedly opposed to that of the historical ages, we are at once driven to the conclusion that we are confronted with the earlier practice, and that in this practice we have an historical fact of real value. With questions belonging to still earlier times Schömann happily deals briefly and summarily. He does not care to hazard a conjecture as to the precise path by which the Hellenic tribes may have entered Greece, or to determine exactly what may be meant by the Pelasgian name, or what may have been the origin of the people to whom that name was applied. The task of explaining it from Greek roots is so unsatisfactory that he does not wonder at the temptation which has led some to seek its meaning in other languages. Among these, "as was to be expected, Sanskrit, the language of the mystic *Konx om pax*, has generally been chosen." But clearly the search must be given up as a hopeless one. There is no use in referring it to Pelops or Pelagon, "because the explanation of these names themselves is anything but certain"; and so we welcome with a certain feeling of thankfulness the undoubtedly judicious conclusion that

the name of Pelasgi, having originally been the appellation of some one of the peoples who inhabited Greece in prehistoric times, was at a later period, after the Hellenic people had extended itself over the whole land, and their name had become the collective title of the race, employed as the most universal term for all the pre-Hellenic populations, without respect to their true ethnographical relationship; so that the Philistines or Phœnicians may, at any rate, be assigned a place among them, while many tribes which are usually brought before our notice under special names of their own, and are commonly distinguished from the Pelasgi, such as Leleges, Cæcæones, and Thracians, are not on that account to be considered less Pelasgian than others who are expressly included under the name.

In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and more particularly in the latter, Schömann finds reasons for limiting some statements of Thucydides in the introductory chapters of his history. The proposition that piracy was in the earlier ages regarded strictly as an honourable profession must, he holds, be taken with large qualifications. It was contradicted by Aristarchus, and in the *Odyssey* the father of the suitor Antinous is certainly said to have been nearly killed by the people of Ithaca for joining the Taphians in a plundering expedition against their friends the Thesprotians. The raids of pirates must therefore, it would seem, be directed against avowed enemies; but the modification seems, after all, to be slender enough. The words of Thucydides seem to apply strictly to the practice of the Dyak pirates at the time when Sir James Brooke first found his way to their haunts; and the license taken by plunderers in prehistoric Hellas may have been practically as large without violating the restrictions mentioned in the *Odyssey*. We approach a more debatable land when we turn to the changes which are supposed to have followed the Dorian emigration. With the author's general method we have no quarrel; but little seems to be gained by treating the evidence at our command as more solid or satisfactory than it really is. We can neither deny nor affirm that Aristodemus, Temenos, and Kresphontes obtained each the Peloponnesian territories of which they are said to have become the sovereigns; and when we are told that the date even of the last member of the dynasty of Temenos "cannot be fixed with cer-

tainly," we feel that in dealing with the dynasty generally we are moving among quagmires. Less than this we cannot say when Schömann comes to examine the changes in the Athenian constitution before the time of Solon. The Medontidae, so called from Medon, the son of the last King Codrus, are said to have ruled as archons for life at Athens for more than three centuries. During the whole of this time there was practically no knowledge of writing in the country. "No adoption of it in the education of the young can be detected," the author tells us, "earlier than the sixth century," although he allows that some few instances of written composition may have existed as early as the eighth or ninth. When then we admit that for the whole period during which the Codridæ ruled at Athens no particulars can be given, except that at last the cruelty of Hippomenes led to his deposition and to the throwing open of the archonship annually to all Eupatridæ, we can but hesitate to pledge ourselves to the correctness of so shadowy a narrative. It is strange perhaps that the first archon for life and the first annual archon should be called Medon and Creon respectively; but we are quite willing to allow that no great stress should be laid on coincidences of name, which in some instances certainly are accidental, and that the change from life archons to annual magistrates had proceeded from the efforts of the Eupatridæ to secure a more general participation in the State authority.

We approach a subject of much greater importance when we deal with the reforms ascribed to Solon. Did he summarily release landowners from their mortgages, and did he debase the metallic currency? These are really the two questions to be answered. Schömann answers them in the affirmative; but we cannot say that we are at all convinced by his arguments. We have, it is true, anecdotes which tell us that, although Solon was above such evil-doing himself, there were among his friends some who, knowing what he was about to do, made capital for themselves by buying lands the price of which they did not pay until after the debasement of the standard. These anecdotes come to us from times separated from those of Solon by a series of many centuries; and Schömann allows that the facts may not have been precisely as Plutarch relates them. But the real point is whether the changes introduced by Solon, momentous as they were, answered at all to what we understand as a debasement of the currency, and still more to what we should understand by a nullifying of mortgages. Undoubtedly the lower classes had, as Schömann says, been suffering under a heavy yoke; but what was this yoke, and what were the classes which were oppressed by it? They were, as he has already said, *Thêtes*, or serfs, whose properties (if ever they had any) had long since "fallen into the hands of the rich nobility" (p. 323). In other words, these *Thêtes* were no longer landed proprietors themselves, and they had no land to give in pledge. At best they were simply suffered to live upon it as *Hektemorioi*; and Schömann seems to think that, as such, they were placed under the almost impossible obligation of paying not one-sixth (as is generally supposed) but five-sixths of the produce to their lord. By the measure known as the *Seisachtheia* Solon, he holds, "provided that for the future the person of the debtor should cease to be pledged"; but the fact that it could be pledged seems to be evidence that he was not the owner of property which he could offer as security for his debt. He adds that Solon himself "boasts, in fragments of his poems which are still extant, of having removed from the mortgaged plots of land the pillars that served to show that they were thus pledged, and of having insured a return to their fatherland of many who had either fled to foreign countries to escape serfage, or had actually been sold by their creditors." But these creditors could only have been the owners of the soil, for Schömann has himself asserted that the debtors had already lost their land (if they ever owned any), and that their persons were pledged and their bodies liable to be sold if they failed to furnish the amount of produce expected from them. Clearly the money-lenders (if there were any who lent money at all) must also have been the landed proprietors, for these would never have dreamt of suffering their own serfs to pledge their persons to a set of professional usurers who might at any moment deprive them of their property. But, in truth, there is nothing in the language of Solon which countenances the notion that he was dealing with anything of the nature of a modern mortgage. He speaks of a peasantry horribly oppressed, confined in chains, and constantly sold out of the country, and of boundaries which, being fixed in many parts, he had removed from the black earth; and he goes on to speak of having set free the soil itself, which had heretofore been itself enslaved, before he mentions that he had rescued large numbers from foreign bondage. It seems abundantly clear that Solon was dealing with the religious ownership of the land by Eupatridæ, and with the outward signs of that ownership which were invested with an inviolable sacredness. It needed no small courage thus to make away with his neighbour's landmarks, and so to declare the serf a free man, who, if he owned no soil himself, was yet bound only to pay a certain amount of produce or money to the owners simply as a rent, this amount being no doubt very much smaller than that which had been squeezed out of him under the old system. In short, by this great measure Solon called into being for the first time a body of free labourers; but it can scarcely be said that Schömann's account of this momentous change is as vivid as he may have supposed it to have been.

The picture which our author draws of the decline and fall of the Athenian State we regard with not less misgiving. To the wonderful efforts made by the people after the catastrophe

at Syracuse he does full justice: but it seems scarcely fair to say that they "gave ear" to the counsels of those who "declared it was necessary to undertake a transformation of the democratic constitution that had hitherto existed into a more oligarchic or aristocratic system of government." The fact is that they were bullied into obedience by men who cheated them with what they knew to be a flat falsehood as to the intentions and wishes of the Persian King; and it is by no means easy to see why, as Schömann insists, we must concede that some share in bringing about the change is to be ascribed to the "sound sense" of the people, and that otherwise it would not have been carried out so easily. He is obliged to add that another part of the people—namely, the army at Samos—held fast to the democracy and did not trust to the promises of the oligarchs. Surely, if sound sense was exhibited anywhere, it was exhibited by these Athenians who deliberately declared that Athens had revolted from them. It is not a question of the merits or demerits of oligarchy. The usurpation of the Four Hundred brought nothing but disaster and calamity to Athens. The misery of the time was not redeemed by the faintest alleviation of the general wretchedness; and we cannot but feel a certain distrust in the guidance of a critic who thus fails to note some of the most important features of a memorable time. After all, this is but saying that the book is one about which the reader should carefully exercise his own judgment; and the reservation in no way detracts from the great value of the treatise as a whole. The work of the translators, we need only add, has been admirably done.

EPISODES OF ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY.*

THIS book is written to supply a want—that of a popular book on the history of British India "calculated to engage the attention of the ordinary reader." The ordinary reader is credited, however, with a considerable previous knowledge of the subject if he is to pursue it with advantage in Mr. Adams's pages, which, as must be the case with all such compilations, bristle with the names of persons and places to a degree necessarily somewhat bewildering to any one not already familiar with the subject. In fact, to attempt to write a history of India in which "the many difficult problems connected with our position in that country and our relations towards its people have been left untouched" must obviously fail to explain a great deal that needs to be explained if the narrative is to be intelligible. The truth is that a short popular history of India is from the nature of the case impracticable. An epitome becomes a mere inventory of names and places; and the so-called short histories and manuals are mainly of use as books of reference to those who are already well acquainted with the subject. The only way of making a short account of British Indian history generally readable would be to limit it to some short epoch; then the subject might be adequately treated within a moderate space. Of this book, which is limited to the military history of India, it may be said that the connecting passages are made as succinct as the nature of the case permits; but the military events with which it is concerned are narrated in the purely conventional style. The main facts are given of such and such a battle having been fought, and in a general way the result. But how it was won, and in what essential respects it differs from other battles, are points left to the reader's imagination to supply. The British soldier is always heroic and invincible; a sepoy is always a sepoy; and there is nothing in the book to indicate that any change had come over the organization of the Indian army from the time of Clive to that of Lord Gough, or that the composition of the native armies opposed to us had undergone any development. Of course, when history is written in this uncritical fashion, all the old mistakes of former writers crop up again. Thus we are told that the army of Nazir Jung which advanced on Pondicherry in 1749 was "a formidable army, in truth, for it consisted of 300,000 men, one half of whom were cavalry, with 800 guns and 1,300 elephants." This account is purely mythical; 150,000 cavalry, even if they had ever been collected, could not have been kept together for a single day in that country. To speak of this rabble as an army at all is misleading, as well as the comparison between the strength of the so-called opposing forces. "The forces of the allies did not exceed 40,000 men." But forty thousand or even four thousand men would be just as good as forty million of such a rabble; in fact, as the event proved, a few hundreds of the right sort were sufficient to overthrow these "armies with almost ridiculous ease." The Indian princes had not then learned the secret of military organization.

When our author does venture upon a criticism of his own it is often inappropriate. Thus, speaking of the first indecisive day at Ferozeshuhur, Mr. Adams says:—"The British had suffered so severely that the prudent counsel—from a military point of view—to retire to Ferozepur was given by some experienced officers." As if on the battle-field, when two armies are struggling for mastery, there could be any other point of view than a military one from which to survey the position. In fact, however, so far from such counsel being prudent, retirement on that occasion would have been madness. A great many officers, whether experienced or otherwise, had lost their heads on that eventful night,

and, as always happens in such cases, the course which appears to give the momentary chance of escape will be seized on, no matter how great the ultimate danger—else why do armies allow themselves to be cut to pieces by running away?—but if we had retreated from Ferozeshuhur we should very probably have lost India. There were no reserves to speak of, and the beaten army would never have reached them. Happily, there were a few men in the army, including the Governor-General, who had not lost their heads, and the course was adopted which alone offered a chance of safety—to attack again at daybreak. As always happens in these bloody battles, the enemy also had had quite enough fighting, and victory went to the side which had the last kick left in it. Speaking of the same army after Sobraon, Mr. Adams says:—"Two days later the whole British army, with camp followers, counted 100,000 men." So one might say of a rich nobleman, that his family, including his servants, numbered fifty children. In the description of the battle of Deig, fought by Lake's army against Holkar in 1805, we are told that "Fraser, the general in command in Lake's absence, was mortally wounded; but Colonel Monson succeeded to the command, and by his courage and coolness retrieved his impaired reputation." This is a specimen of the inept criticism which pervades the book. Monson was a man of conspicuous bravery, his reputation in which respect had never been impaired. What he lacked was decision of character when placed in independent command, a defect which unfortunately he showed signally on this occasion, stopping the advance of the army just as the victory was won, and allowing the enemy to get away without being punished. "How can one account," wrote Lord Lake to the Governor-General on this occasion, "for a man who is as brave as a lion losing his head entirely when any responsibility is placed on him?" When he comes to the Indian Mutiny, Mr. Adams follows Sir John Kaye implicitly, and naturally falls into a good many pitfalls. Thus he adopts unhesitatingly the account of Havelock's so-called "battles" in his first advance on Cawnpore. Havelock in his despatches described numerous battles as having been fought on this advance, and as no lists of casualties accompanied the reports, the view was accepted at the time. But when the returns came to hand it was found that no one had been either killed or wounded. In fact, no battles had been fought. The rebels on these occasions would not stay to oppose our advance, which was thus a mere armed demonstration, although there was plenty of hard fighting later on. Kaye in his description says of one of these demonstrations that "it was scarcely a battle, but it was a consummate victory; our Enfield rifles and our guns would not permit a conflict"; thus showing, under the haze of the words employed, a suspicion that he was talking nonsense. Mr. Adams quotes the account as if it were an appropriate description of what took place. Nevertheless, after all abatement made for these faults, Mr. Adams's book may be recommended as bringing together a record of all our Indian campaigns within the compass of a single volume.

It is very noticeable that those of our Indian wars which have been most stubbornly contested have also been the most decisive. The Mahratta war of 1803-4 is a case in point. Never were British troops exposed to so hot a fire as at Assaye, and not even at Waterloo did any regiment suffer so heavily as did the 74th on that day. In truth it afforded quite a new experience of Eastern warfare. In our previous wars we had not found the Mahrattas formidable foes. Indeed the famous Colonel Goddard marched right across India with a brigade of Bengal Sepoys which had not the support of a single British soldier. And in our wars with Mysore, in which the Mahrattas had acted as allies, they had been of but little use, and had not impressed us with their fighting power. Their organization under French officers, and the collection of the great artillery equipment of which in due course we relieved them, were effected afterwards, and in a very few years. Certainly neither the Governor-General nor his illustrious brother at all anticipated the hard fighting in store for the British forces. And it is remarkable that the troops opposed to Lake in Northern India fought much better at a later period of the campaign, as at Laswari and Deig—in fact after they had got rid of their European officers than they did at the beginning before Alighur and Delhi. It cannot be said that the battles fought by Lord Lake were ever really critical, but under a less determined man than General Wellesley the issue of Assaye might certainly have been different; and, if so, the course of Indian history would have taken a very different turn, although of course that might be said of what has happened at every point in our onward course. One result, however, of our hard fighting was that when the enemy gave in, they gave in completely. They, too, had quite enough; it took many years for the Mahrattas to show head again. The conquest of the Sikhs was still more difficult and still more complete. Here, too, we altogether underestimated our opponents at the outset. It is a singular thing that, although our officers crossed and recrossed the Punjab during the first Afghan war, and had abundant opportunities of seeing the Sikh army, they all seemed to have formed a poor opinion of it. The detachments from the Sikh army which co-operated with us in the second advance on Cabul were thought to show no stomach for fighting. And probably it was in consequence of this that, although the coming struggle with the Sikhs was distinctly foreseen by the Indian Government, no adequate precautions were taken to meet it; the army was neither concentrated on the frontier nor supplied with proper magazines, and eventually their invasion of our territories took us by surprise. Then was fought the most indecisive and, excepting Sobraon, the most bloody battle we ever fought in

* *Episodes of Anglo-Indian History: a Series of Chapters from the Annals of British India, showing the Rise and Progress of our Indian Empire.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Marlborough & Co.

India. By the end of the day the native troops had gone to pieces, as the phrase goes, and the greater part of the Europeans also were quite out of hand. But the enemy were still harder hit, and the Governor-General, like a true soldier, divined that the victory would rest with the side which showed the most tenacity; he got a remnant of his army together next morning, and with that made the decisive attack. Even then we only escaped by a lucky chance. Our ammunition was exhausted, and the men were worn out by their exertions, when a fresh Sikh army came up, only, as it happened, to retire. In this battle, as in the still more bloody one of Sohraon, the loss incurred, and the difficulty of carrying the enemy's position, were ascribed to the want of tactical ability shown by the Commander-in-Chief; but to the fact that the enemy was so severely punished by the stand-up mode of fighting adopted may be ascribed the unquestioning way in which the Sikhs, after one more struggle, accepted the position and their conquest, although of course many political conditions combined to conduce towards this result.

In our late war with Afghanistan we may note the same tendency to underrate the foe at starting. No one seems to have been aware of the enormous armament collected by Shere Ali at Cabul, and although the Afghans have nowhere made a good stand, still, had they turned their available means to proper use, our troops and resources might well have proved insufficient for the work they had to perform. Of course the obvious answer to this objection is that in war a great deal must be left to chance, and that it does not do to overvalue your enemy, especially in the East; which is quite true. The enemy may always be expected to blunder and to show want of nerve; and the boldest policy is usually the safest in war. Had we assaulted Sebastopol in September 1854, how many lives would have been saved in the long run! The speculation may also be suggested that it is because the Afghans have never yet been thoroughly punished in any action, that they are still so pugnaciously disposed. One such thrashing as we gave the Sikhs might bring them to terms. And, considering how small is the loss of life in action compared with that caused by disease, it may be matter for regret that the Afghans have never as yet given General Roberts and his gallant army the chance of trying the effect on them of a good stand-up fight.

HANDBOOK TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.*

THIS is the fitting completion of Mr. Murray's *Handbook to the English Cathedrals*, of which the first instalment, including the Southern cathedrals, was published as long ago as 1861. The promise given at the outset, of supplying a series of works which might serve both as a history and as a guide on the spot, has been fully made good; and the whole of the existing cathedrals of England and Wales have been described and illustrated with a scientific accuracy and a refined appreciation which merit the highest praise. Truro is an apparent exception to this statement. But that which now serves as the cathedral of the revived Cornish diocese is a mere parish church, which is to be absorbed in the stately building about to rise from the designs of Mr. Pearson, the first stone of which is to be laid by the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, on the 20th of next month. When built, the cathedral of St. Mary's, Truro, will not be unworthy to take rank, "for grace, for simplicity, for religiousness"—to quote the words of Bishop Benson—among the cathedrals of England; but at present the design exists only on paper. Of the four new sees created by Mr. Cross's Act, Southwell alone has a church which is quite up to the mark as a cathedral, though Newcastle approaches it. This series of handbooks may be therefore regarded as for the present closed. More than one similar handbook may be, and we trust, is, in contemplation. Westminster Abbey imperatively demands a sister volume based, like this one, on the volume of "Memorials" compiled by its Dean, which, we believe, gave the first impulse to Dean Milman's enterprise. A series is also required illustrative of the minsters and chief monastic churches of England, in which the future cathedral of Southwell may appropriately occupy the first place. The names of such noble fane as Beverley and Selby, Sherborne and Christchurch, Romsey and Tewkesbury, and others which will at once occur to our readers, will show that such volumes would hardly, if at all, yield to the Cathedral Handbooks in interest and attractiveness. This series finished, a third might appropriately include our principal ruined abbeys, such as Fountains and Rievaulx, Netley and Glastonbury, Buildwas and Wenlock. But we are perhaps looking too far ahead.

The volume before us is distinguished from its predecessors in authorship as well as subject. The other volumes of the series were the work of the late accomplished antiquary, Mr. Richard J. King, to whom we are indebted for several of the best of the English County Handbooks—especially of those excellent types of their class, the Handbooks to Devon and Cornwall. But even if Mr. King's premature death—an irreparable loss to archaeology—had not necessitated a change of plan, the ground was already occupied both by Dean Milman and Mr. William Longman. It was therefore wisely decided that this handbook should not be a new work, but "an abridgment of the 'Annals,' retaining as far as possible the Dean's text unaltered."

Dean Milman's materials have been recast, and brought down to the present time, with the addition of sufficient architectural details. Those of the present fabric are mainly derived from Mr. Longman's *History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London*, which we reviewed on its publication, and which was to a large extent compiled chiefly from the writings of Mr. Joseph Gwilt and of Sir Henry Ellis, with the assistance of the Cathedral surveyor, Mr. Penrose. The history of the Cathedral is traced from its foundation by Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, on a site already devoted to pagan worship, to its rebuilding, after its destruction by fire, by Bishop Maurice, Chaplain and Chancellor to William the Conqueror, and Bishop Richard de Belmeis, in the "novel transmarine style of building" introduced from Normandy. We read in succession of the addition of the choir and extended eastern limb—the site of the shrine of St. Erkenwald—by Roger the Black and his successors in the episcopate in the latter half of the thirteenth century; the demolition of its spire, the loftiest in the world, and its roof by lightning in 1561; the repair of the ruined fabric as "a national work"; its costly but ill-judged restoration by Inigo Jones, with the addition of the magnificent but most incongruous Corinthian portico at the west end, intended to put a stop to the desecration of the nave, or "Paul's walk," by providing a covered place for the mixed rabble who had been accustomed to make of its consecrated aisles a market, an exchange, and a place of assignation, and thus "eject from the church itself those whom it was impracticable to expel entirely from the precincts." Then follows the narrative of the foul desecration of the cathedral during the Civil Wars, when the body of the church became a cavalry stable and its aisles cavalry barracks, and the portico was let out for mean shops to sempstresses and hucksters, and the historical monuments were "left to the idle amusement of the rude soldiers." The extensive scheme of repair proposed after the Restoration by Sir Christopher Wren was frustrated by the Fire of London, which gave the great architect a plausible excuse for the destruction of all that remained of the old cathedral, and its rebuilding from the foundations on an entirely new plan. The history of the rebuilding, and the architectural description of the edifice, are preceded by a notice of the chief monuments that adorned the old edifice, the most notable of which were those of John of Gaunt and his wife Constance, and of John of Beauchamp, so signally misappropriated to "good Duke Humphrey," who thus became "the patron of dinnerless parasites," of which, as well as of the shrouded effigy of Dr. Donne, which mainly, and of the recumbent effigy of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Chancellor Bacon's father, which partially escaped the conflagration of 1666, there are woodcuts. Dr. Donne's monument has lately been removed from the crypt and replaced in the upper church.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied by a compendious notice of the modern monuments with which the naked walls and vacant recesses of the cathedral have been peopled; and certainly, whatever exception may justly be taken in too many instances to their design and execution, to the great improvement of the general effect of this still somewhat cold and uninspiring interior. Beginning with the statue of Howard the philanthropist, erected in 1796, in whose case "admiration of the highest Christian charity" "extorted the first triumph over the inveterate prejudice" against the admission of monumental sculpture into the cathedral, and those of Johnson (whose semi-nude figure too vividly recalls a burly fellowship-porter who, having just set down his load, is stripping for a wash), his friend Reynolds—to whom the vergers counsel all preachers, new to the pulpit, to direct their discourses if they wish to be heard—and Sir William Jones, which occupy the four most conspicuous positions under the dome—the Handbook passes in review the more interesting of these "vast masses of marble," exhibiting "Fames and Victories and all kinds of unmeaning allegories, gallant men fighting and dying in every conceivable or hardly conceivable attitude," which in the course of the last eighty years "have risen on every side, on every wall, under every arch." The roll of naval and military heroes, who form the majority of the series, is not inappropriately broken by memorials of Middleton, the first, and Heber, the most celebrated, of our Indian bishops, as well as of Bishop Blomfield (by G. Richmond), the solitary Bishop of London commemorated in his own cathedral, and Dean Milman, of whose altar tomb, with a recumbent effigy of Williamson, there is a woodcut. Of his successor in the decanal stall, Dean Mansel, the consummate metaphysician and profound logician, the only memorial—hardly adequate to his merits—is a painted window by Hardman, in the Morning Chapel, which also contains a mosaic by Salviati to the memory of Archdeacon Hale, whose name was so long and so intimately connected with this cathedral. The later additions to this monumental sculpture gallery include the two Sir Charles Napiers, Sir Henry Lawrence, Hallam, Turner, Marchetti's huge black marble portal in the north aisle—mistaken by some for a short way of exit for hungry visitors to the bun-shop opposite—bearing the name of Lord Melbourne and his diplomatist brother; and the series closes with Mr. Stevens's long-looked-for monument to the Duke of Wellington, the latest, and by far the noblest, of the sepulchral memorials with which St. Paul's is decorated or encumbered, of which we had the opportunity of giving a critical description shortly after its completion. A woodcut indicates the general arrangement and motive of this very striking work, and shows how much the composition has suffered by the loss of the equestrian statue which the sculptor intended should sur-

* *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.—St. Paul's.* With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1879.

mount the whole—sacrificed, it is said, to a poor jest of Dean Milman's, about the "great Duke riding into the Cathedral atop of his own monument." Happily it is not too late to add this feature, so essential to the completeness of the design, to which we are somewhat surprised to observe no reference in the letterpress. We may pass from the cenotaph to the tomb of Wellington, a sarcophagus of Cornish porphyry—"wrought in the simplest and severest style, unadorned, and, because unadorned, more grand and impressive"—in the crypt, eastward of the one which, designed and executed by Torrigiano for Cardinal Wolsey, and left lying neglected for centuries in the Tomb House at Windsor, now encases the coffin of England's great naval deliverer, Lord Nelson.

This crypt, forming a second and "under" church—not truly subterranean, as, from the elevation of the main floor, it is entirely above ground—corresponding in all its parts and arrangements with the upper church, has been of late years rescued from the neglect to which it had been doomed, and brought into vital connexion with the religious life of the cathedral. Walls have been thrown down, encumbering partitions removed, windows have been opened and glazed, and—the most important alteration of all—an altar has been placed at the east end, appropriate fittings have risen around it, a tessellated pavement has been laid down, and the once dark, dreary, and useless vault has been converted into a chapel, and that not for show but for regular use. However we may rejoice at such an employment of the crypt, it certainly never entered into the calculations of the great architect of St. Paul's, who left its interior entirely devoid of the slightest approach to ornament, wearing "the appearance of a rock-hewn cave," devoted to the purposes of interment. Wren himself lies buried under a black marble slab at the east end of the south aisle, while "at his feet repose a long line of the artists who have done honour to England," from Reynolds, West, and Lawrence down to Turner, who lies, according to his dying request, as near as possible to Sir Joshua Reynolds, but not "as, in one of his fits of ill humour with the world, he had willed," in his "Garthage"—now one of the chief ornaments of the National Gallery—as a shroud. The great sculptors, Flaxman, Chantry, Westmacott, are elsewhere; but the sister art of architecture has some of her sons sleeping by the side of her great English representative. The crypt contains the graves of Mylne, the builder of the former Blackfriars Bridge, whose graceful arches and Ionic columned piers have not yet quite passed out of memory; and of "the skilful disciple, the almost worshipper of Wren, long the faithful custodian of Wren's works and of Wren's fame, Charles Robert Cockerell." One of the illustrations of the Handbook represents the Crypt Chapel, with its simple but appropriate fittings. Another woodcut, copied from Hollar, depicts the crypt of the former cathedral, used as the parish church of St. Faith, destroyed in the Fire of 1666, certainly not to the advantage of its modern successor. With all our admiration for Wren's architectural genius, we confess that the contrast of the clustered columns, the long-drawn groined vault, the carved bosses, and moulded capitals and bases with the almost savage nakedness of Wren's crypt is a painful one. It must, however, be remembered that the earlier structure was constructed for use as a parish church, while Wren's crypt was, as we have said, simply a basement story not intended for the public eye.

The just admiration entertained by Dean Milman for Wren and his works, especially for the cathedral over which for nearly nineteen years he presided, together with his strong predilection for Classical over Gothic architecture, blinded him to the real merits of the vast edifice on the ruins of which Wren's structure rose. Judging it simply from Hollar's plates, devoid as they are of all artistic feeling and full of evident inaccuracies, executed after the conflagration of the spire and roofs had deprived the cathedral of some of its most striking features, and the restoration by Inigo Jones—the first example of cathedral restoration in England, and of evil omen for subsequent works of the same nature—had drawn a smooth classical skin over the stern ruggedness of the vast Norman nave, and, with utter disregard to the original design, had refashioned the whole exterior "as suited his own notions of proportion and symmetry," Dean Milman pronounces Old St. Paul's "a gloomy, ponderous pile—with disproportioned aisles and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower," with "nothing to distinguish it" beyond its "vast size"—which "of all England's more glorious cathedrals could have been best spared." No verdict could be more unjust. Instead of being forced to "bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities," Old St. Paul's must have stood as supereminent among them for architectural interest and varied beauty of design as for dimensions. Had Dean Milman enjoyed the advantage of seeing Mr. Edmund Ferrey's admirable restoration of Old St. Paul's—reduced copies of which are to be found in Mr. Longman's book—with all his appreciation of the "splendour and beauty of the proportions" of the new cathedral, he would have more adequately realized the immense and irreparable loss which mediæval architecture sustained in the destruction of its predecessor. With its twelve-bayed nave and twelve-bayed choir—the former a stately example of Norman, akin to Ely and Peterborough, and with the advantage over them of having a groined roof—the latter of the same date and style as the matchless Angel choir of Lincoln, and rivaling it in delicacy of design as it surpassed it in height, only eighteen inches less than Westminster Abbey; its five-bayed transepts

reaching to the unexampled length of 340 feet, only ten feet short of the whole length of Chester Cathedral, and exceeding that of Hereford by fifteen feet; its enormously lofty and, even after the loss of its leaden steeple, majestic tower, with its graceful flying buttresses; its gorgeous Catherine-wheel window, nearly forty feet in diameter in the east front (surely this cannot be the "rose window" styled by the Dean "poor and insignificant"); its two-storied cloister (a singular arrangement reproduced at a later time in the still existing cloisters attached to St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster), interesting fragments of which, as well as of the lofty octagonal Chapter House which stood embosomed in its graceful arcades, have recently rewarded Mr. Penrose's investigations—the effect of Old St. Paul's, both without and within, must have been one of overpowering magnificence. But "for the grace, which absolutely fascinates the eye," of the matchless exterior of the present cathedral, we should find it very difficult to pardon Wren for the remorseless decision with which he blew up and battered down the scorched walls and pillars to which the "obstinate piety" of Sancroft, then Dean, still clung. The fact that "a temporary choir had been hastily put up at the west end" proves that the nave at least had preserved its roof and was not beyond repair, and it is more than probable that the whole cathedral might have been restored, if the great architect had been so disposed. But he wanted a clear field for carrying out his grand idea, conceived long before the Fire, of a "vast auditory in the centre of the church, rising into a rotundo bearing a cupola, and then ending in a lantern," the gradual development of which may be traced in the All Souls' drawings; and we can hardly be surprised at his pronouncing the repairs of the half-calced ruins hopeless, and "clearing away every vestige of the ancient fabric," that he might "build a new one worthy of the nation and of the City—the Christian nation, the Christian city."

The suggestion which has been thrown out that Wren's first design for St. Paul's should be erected as the cathedral of the new see of Liverpool gives an additional temporary interest to the woodcuts of the northern elevation and of the ground-plan. The exterior strikes us as decidedly heavy. The cupola certainly wants "the majestic, yet airy swelling"—to adopt Dean Milman's felicitous description—of the present dome; and the mode in which it rises through the roof, as Mr. Fergusson has remarked, detaches it still more from the main body of the church than in the present edifice, and injures the unity of the composition. The somewhat *mesquin* single cupola covering the western vestibule—there is no proper nave—is a poor substitute for the lovely campaniles, so exquisitely proportioned to the façade, and, in their broken outlines and contrasted curves, forming such a perfect foil to the calm majesty of the central dome, which grace the present west front; while the huge windows which occur at intervals, big enough for a loaded stage-wagon to drive through, are certainly very ugly features. The whole is weighed down by a cumbrous attic running round the building above the principal order. As far as the exterior is concerned, we may fairly congratulate ourselves that the opposition of those in authority—whether of the Duke of York, according to Spence's somewhat apocryphal anecdote, or, as seems more probable, of the bishops and clergy on the Commission, who thought the design not enough of a cathedral fashion, and were startled by the novelty of "a quire designed circular" and the absence of "aisles or naves"—proved insurmountable, and that Wren was compelled (the story goes that he did it with tears) to lay aside his first design and proceed to the conception of another.

It seems that in another important respect Wren was overruled by the Commission. The close screen which long divided the choir from the dome area is proved, by the substructure in the crypt, to have formed no part of his original plan, in which the organ found a place under one of the side arches of the choir, where, indeed, it will be remembered, it stood temporarily after its dethronement from the screen. We have lately seen a return to Wren's original intentions in the partial removal and lowering of the Commissioners' "heavy, clumsy, misplaced iron fence" which so long "compressed the cathedral in its gloomy gaol," hiding its proportions from all but "those who were admitted within the gates, usually inexorably closed." The words of the ill-treated, maligned, thwarted architect descending with sorrow to his grave, as Pope records in a "sad line" given by Dean Milman, show Wren's conviction that the judgment of posterity would be with him. "As for the iron fence, it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried on in a way that I may venture to say will be condemned."

On the various schemes suggested for the decoration of the interior of St. Paul's the author of the new matter of the Handbook cautiously forbears to enter. After referring to the mosaics already executed by Salviati from Mr. Watts's designs in the spandrels of the dome arches, and the unfortunate painted windows of the apse, carried out in defiance of all true principles of their art from Schnorr's designs, he continues (p. 95, note):—

Much doubt has, however, been expressed as to the effect of introducing painted glass to any considerable extent into St. Paul's, and until some consistent general scheme of decoration has been adopted, it seems scarcely desirable to give any detailed description of particular experimental improvements.

It ought to be mentioned that the history and description of the edifice are followed, as in the other volumes of the series, by a history of the See and short biographical sketches of the Bishops, with the addition of memoirs of a few of the more eminent Deans. This

appendix, being almost entirely derived from Dean Milman's larger work, is naturally of high excellence. The additions necessary to bring it down to the present time, including the life of the Dean himself, are quite worthy of their position.

A DREAMER.*

THE hero of this story, Philip Temple, starts with being "the anxiety, the bugbear, the volcano," of his family, and ends with marrying the heroine and writing M.P. after his name. His progress is by no means an easy one, for not only does he in the course of the story get engaged to another woman, but the heroine also gets engaged to another man. In such embarrassments are they involved by about the middle of the second volume, that he proposes to her that they shall both at the same time destroy themselves. "That they might lose their identity in the awful step into another world did not occur to him." Griselda, the heroine, was, fortunately, a little more prudent, and scarcely liked this leap in the dark. "To her, who knew nothing about the next world, the idea of death did not wholly obliterate the idea of parting." Her lover points out to her that they will "not be the first who have chosen hell to be together." "Griselda paled. 'Why must we choose hell?' she asked faintly." Happily there did not seem to be any very satisfactory answer to this question, and so they decided—elected, they would no doubt have said—to go on living. The reader will perceive from this hasty sketch of the plot that the story is one full of striking contrasts. It is not one that is very easy to follow or to describe, for it is full of complications. Moreover it is so very dull that it is almost impossible to summon up sufficient patience to master the plot. We have not only Philip Temple, the hero, but his rival, Ralph Lindsay, who dies of a fever; his future wife's brother, who commits forgery and dies in gaol; her father, who is a gambler and who seems to have been murdered; her uncle, who conceals a will and robs her of her inheritance, but dies penitent; her cousin and rival, who hides her father's penitence and carries on the fraud, and a male cousin, "who had no internal conscience. Any conscience he possessed was external." Besides all these we have a minor villain or two, an old family lawyer, a benevolent family doctor, a good clergyman and his gentle wife, an uncle and general who dies in the nick of time, an old cabinet with a secret drawer, scenery, metaphors, big words, philosophy, and rant. We have, indeed, a maze through which it is our hard task to attempt to guide our readers. Our only chance of not losing ourselves would seem to lie in sticking as close to the hero possible.

Philip Temple, then, was in his early manhood, as we have already said, an anxiety, a bugbear, and a volcano. He had at college sown a crop of wild oats which had, we are told, been quickly regretted and forsaken. The metaphor seems to be somewhat confused, but the result was satisfactory. He was a martyr to theories, but he was now bent on virtuous courses. "The pendulum of his nature," as we read in another metaphor, which again is more satisfactory than intelligible, "having rebounded from the quarter to which his short course of recklessness had swung him, he was now more demonstrably virtuous than was exactly natural to him." Though we shall not be so rude as to require our author to explain the action of the pendulum, yet perhaps we may venture to ask what she means when she calls her hero "demonstrably virtuous." Had she said "demonstratively virtuous" she might perhaps have justified the expression which, as it now stands, is demonstrably meaningless. But to return to our hero. Finding himself without employment, "he suddenly accepted a subordinate post offered to him in a Government mission to Paris." A Government mission to Timbuctoo or to Khiva would have seemed more likely in these latter days than one to Paris; but then in neither of these places was the heiress Miss Agnes Mortimer to be found. She was a grand, dignified creature, with a cool, stately hand, and stately tenderness, whose beauty was rather that of a goddess than of a nymph. At this time the real heroine, Griselda Mortimer, was but a child; moreover, she was still unknown to the hero. Philip Temple therefore at once fell in love with the dignified creature, and was accepted. Soon after her father died, and she came into the ancestral estate. On his marriage he was to become through her the owner of Salehurst, and "to exercise his vocation of first-rate country gentleman." Salehurst was a place well worth owning, for it not only possessed the finest beech-trees in the county, but also it had a bedchamber in which Queen Elizabeth had reposed her regal head. The people of the neighbourhood had already begun to touch their hats to him with much respect as he passed, when the old family lawyer behaved in the most un lawyer-like manner. He told Philip that Agnes's grandfather, a short time before he died, had made a second will by which he had left the estate to Griselda's father, the gambler William Mortimer. This will, however, had never been found. The reader now understands the mysterious utterances of Agnes's penitent father, who, on his death-bed, had told her that he wished that a certain document should be found and acted upon at once. Philip insists that she should make restitution. She replies that, if her uncle went to law about it, there could be no question of the verdict. He rejoins, in terms that might puzzle the Lord Chancellor himself, "The law deals with generalities. It knows nothing of the

great law of exceptivity." Exceptivity or not, she sticks to her estate and loses her lover. He goes home to his father. The old gentleman, knowing nothing of the old family lawyer, the hidden will, and the great law of exceptivity, naturally enough begins to talk about Agnes. His son merely said "Agnes?" while his eyes gazed further away than ever. "What are you looking at?" asked the old gentleman; "what do you see?"

"A forest," said Philip, turning and fixing his eyes on his father, who involuntarily started—this strange son of his was so unaccountable and irrelevant in his speech—"and a man passing through it. The forest is dark and bewildering, and the man has lost his way. He is pursued by strange creatures and wild voices, and eyes staring at him." Philip shuddered himself, and paused for a moment; then he continued, smiling—"That is the conventional beginning, is it not? Can you guess what follows? The man is going on, following a rising path with a stream flowing beside and beneath it. The path leads westward. If he walks on, he thinks the sun will overtake him. There is a beautiful form waiting for him, with jewels flashing on her brow. She takes his hand to lead him. They go on together. He is following the same westward path, but he thinks it is she who is guiding him. The path is smooth now, edged with moss and flowers. Sometimes she drops a jewel, and he picks it up and treasures it. They are in the sunlight. It has overtaken him. He feels the light and the warmth, and calls on her to rejoice. But the sun has been too much for her: she is gone—melted—lost. He is alone. He has only the jewels left which she did not value. Yet he feels the sunshine. He cannot leave it. He is in the right path. He can't go back to find her, and she is vanished. She can't come to him—in the sunlight. Have you understood the parable, father?"

The father had not understood the parable. Indeed, unless he had spent his lifetime in reading silly novels, we do not see how he could have had a chance of even guessing at its meaning.

Philip went to live in London, where he studied Sanskrit, and was attended by an old man and woman imported from Whitechapel. In a few years he became of so much importance in the world that his communications to the editor were always inserted in the *Times*. He had meanwhile become very intimate with one Ralph Lindsay. Yet, if he had been prudent, he would have shunned him from the first. "Perhaps," the author says, "Philip was more susceptible to indefinable impressions than are most men. As he took Ralph's hand and met the look in his eyes, he felt a thrill run through his frame that made Ralph a person of importance in his sight from henceforth." These indefinable impressions are very useful to our lady novelists. They take the place which used to be held in our literature by gipsies and old women riding on broomsticks. Philip at once felt that, in some inexplicable manner, his lot was mingled with Ralph's. It was all a dim, undefined, incomprehensible sensation or revelation, but it robbed him of speech. How, we may again ask, though no longer in amazement, for we come far too often across such passages as these—how can any readers be found who will submit to so monstrous an insult being put upon their understandings as is implied in presenting to them such folly as this? Stories like these, we believe, are gravely read aloud in the family circle while crewl-work and embroidery go on, or while the obliging young curate holds the skein of wool as the thread is wound on the reel. Are there no Mr. Burchells left in the land, or Squire Henleys? Will no one shout out "Fudge," and no one venture to snatch the volume out of the hands of the fair reader and pitch it into the fire? But our indignation leads us too far from the particular instance of folly which must still occupy our attention. Ralph falls in love with Griselda, between whom and Philip had grown up at the same time "a very subtle relationship." Philip nevertheless was quite willing that Griselda should marry his friend; but Ralph saw that it was possible that "this subtle relationship might expand into mutual affection." Griselda hereupon talks to the hero about the temptations of life. These, it seems, according to this young lady's experience, "slap us in the face and stun us." As he was unable to make any reply to all this, they gazed into each other's eyes. The result of this gazing was by no means agreeable. "The future was impenetrable to them both; but the mysterious precursor of doom had laid his finger on them, and without recognizing him, they felt his presence." However, doom did not, as has been shown, trouble them very much in the end. A man who is to write M.P. after his name, and marry a heroine, might well have been confident throughout his career. Griselda, being defrauded of her property, gains her living by her voice, and becomes a famous singer. In spite of her brilliant success, it was generally prophesied that she would early quit her profession, and crystallize as a wife. She is pursued by a wicked Captain, with basilisk eyes. "She cringed from (sic) him," but a terrible doom seemed to be overtaking her. Where her difficulty lay in avoiding the villain is not very easy to see. At all events, in her despair, she becomes engaged to Lindsay as her only means of escape. Philip goes to see her, and takes her a present from her lover. "I feel choked, Lindsay, by presentiments," he exclaimed, before he started on his journey. "Lindsay," he adds, "did you ever speculate on the nearness of the unseen?" Matters get to so serious a pass that the author herself steps on to the scene, and, like a Greek chorus, exclaims, "I hear a rustling of the wings of Fate hovering round the head of her victim." Ralph gets a letter from his friend. He shivers as he opens it. He very wisely puts it down unread and makes himself a cup of tea. A few pages further on we have the chill touch of doom. Then, at a critical moment, a clock struck with the mellow (sic) suddenness that rouses one in deep stillness. Ralph discovers that Philip and Griselda are in love with each other, and at once falls into a fever and dies. He has just strength to write one word, "Traitor." Philip is full of remorse. "Why," he exclaims,

**A Dreamer*. By Katharine Wyle. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

"can't I believe in some panacea? Why can't I shoot myself, or burn my hand, or open my veins, and let myself bleed till I fall from weakness?" As he cannot do any of these things, he manages to live for one volume longer, and in the end, as we have said, obtains a most respectable position and a most eligible wife, considering that he began life as an anxiety, a bugbear, and a volcano.

OUR FUTURE HIGHWAY.*

CAPTAIN CAMERON'S journey from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf must have seemed child's play and unmixed pleasure after his expedition across Africa. And, although an accident or an awkward encounter is always possible in travelling through an unsettled and semi-barbarous country, on the whole there would appear to have been no great danger in accomplishing a singularly interesting tour. The Turkish officials are always disposed to be civil to Englishmen bringing credentials or letters of introduction; and the zaptiehs whom they supply as guides or escort shelter the travellers under the authority of the Government. Consuls, English or foreign, are always delighted to welcome Europeans who bring them the latest intelligence of the civilization from which they are banished; Christians of all creeds and races are pleased to have an opportunity of airing their grievances, in the hope that representations in influential quarters may possibly bring them compensation and redress; while the Arabs show their proverbial hospitality, especially if their visitors are so well armed as to be formidable. There is always the chance of being waylaid by one of those bands of robbers who infest some of the hill ranges and whose hands are against every man; but even against hazards of the kind the odds are considerable. At the same time the undertaking is by no means smooth sailing, though Captain Cameron's resources as a sailor and veteran explorer stood him of course in very good stead. Dealing with Orientals of all ranks demands almost as much tact and patience, firmness and good temper, as managing the headmen of African villages, and the rank and file of the trains of negro carriers. They will persist in throwing obstacles in the traveller's way, partly from private reasons of self-interest, partly from constitutional procrastination and apathy. Then the behaviour of the traveller's followers is perpetually involving him in trouble; and a quarrel in the midst of a fanatical population may lead to very serious consequences. As for rough accommodation, that is of course to be expected. In their tent, which they pitched when camping in the country, Captain Cameron and his companion could always make themselves comfortable. But for the most part their halting places were in villages or cities, and then they fell back on habitations of stone or mud. It was no unusual occurrence, when arriving late in the night, wearied, wet, and hungry, to experience extreme difficulty in obtaining admission even to the public khan or caravanserai. Sometimes it was occupied already by a caravan, or was in the possession of shepherds and their flocks. Sometimes the keeper, from ill-temper or fanaticism, positively refused to receive them, until menaced by some official whom they had to hunt up. And occasionally he had locked up the chambers and gone away with the key. The fact of there being doors to lock seems to infer a certain amount of civilization; but the luxurious accommodation of these cells was limited to the lock and key. In these cases, however, Captain Cameron's seamanlike handiness came into play. He set himself to give a homelike appearance to their temporary quarters, and this is how he succeeded at Orfa, the ancient Edessa:—

A mere cell of a room, with a door and a window and rough stone walls, we had converted into a comfortable-looking apartment. Round the walls we had put the sides of our tent, and eked them out with plaids. Our trunks, covered with plaids and rugs, formed seats, and our table, covered with books and writing materials, was in the middle. Guns were ranged in order; and on some large nails, which we always carried for the purpose, were hung our pistols, belts, field-glasses, and compasses. Aneroids, thermometers, and watches were arranged on their board, and it looked quite as if we had taken a long lease of the place, instead of being mere wayfaring wanderers.

Of the ten alternative routes suggested by projectors of different nationalities for connecting the West with the East by railway, the line of march followed by Captain Cameron is that which he believes to be the most practicable. And though he cannot pronounce upon the others from actual comparison and personal observation, he surveyed that of his own choice carefully and scientifically, confirming his previous prepossessions in its favour. The engineering difficulties are nowhere considerable; the hilly ranges that cross it may be surmounted by easy gradients; the chief engineering works of any serious cost are bridges, with here and there a long viaduct; while over vast extents of alluvial plain the rails might be laid, league after league, with no labour beyond that of smoothing the road. As for the prospects of the line paying commercially, he argues that even in point of local traffic there is a good trade to be counted upon even at present by cutting the ground from under the feet of the camels who transport produce laboriously and at heavy charges; that the country, which has been lying fallow in many places for centuries, is as capable of vast production as ever it was;

that the multiplication of the primitive machinery for irrigation would reclaim much of the alluvial plain of the Tigris lying along the sides of the projected line; and that, though local capitalists will never take the initiative, they are ready and even eager to come forward as shareholders if Europeans will show them the way.

Captain Cameron landed in Syria at Beirut, passed northwards by Baalbec, Homs, Hamah, and Aleppo to Orfa, whence he turned westwards by Mardin to the Tigris at Mosul; thence he followed the course of the river by Bagdad and Bassorah to the Persian Gulf. His route lay through the remains, or at all events over the sites, of some of the most venerable cities in the world, and he gives exceedingly interesting sketches of their histories. It is a matter for congratulation that some of these should have been buried out of sight and memory, like the ancient Nineveh. There, at all events, the monuments of the past may be brought to light by laborious excavation. Elsewhere, wars, sieges, and storms have done their work; a succession of modern towns have been built out of the old materials; and, except where you come on the traces of the foundations of walls, or on some once impregnable fortress established on the solid rock, it is almost impossible to identify the archaeological features. Even the stupendous ruins of Baalbec are in process of steady demolition, and their obliteration can be only a question of time unless the authorities can be persuaded to interpose effectually. It is to be regretted that a site which has no special recommendations had not been abandoned to the Bedouins and the jackals. As it is, we are told that the indolent inhabitants quarry the ruins habitually for their houses and fences. "During the last half-century several of the principal rows of columns have disappeared." After the visit paid by Captain Burton some years ago, cramps of iron were driven in here and there, to support stones and columns that were tottering to their fall. Since then these cramps have been actually stolen for the sake of the metal; while "some of the enormous stones which form one of the principal features of the place have been drilled and blasted."

Captain Cameron repeats the familiar story of townsfolk, farmers, and peasants groaning alike under a Government that oppresses while it fails to protect them. And a state of things which has existed ever since the Ottoman occupation had been aggravated by the consequences of the prolonged war. Owing to the desperate financial straits of the Porte, taxation had been increased and unsparingly levied. The central power, having its attention directed elsewhere, had given even less heed than usual to complaints against the arbitrary proceedings of its governors. Many able-bodied men had been withdrawn from cultivation to be drafted into the armies. Captain Cameron, by the way, who saw some of the regiments returning, speaks in the highest terms of the Turks as material for troops, though the officers neglected their duties disgracefully. But, above all, the inhabitants of certain unfortunate districts complained with much reason of their hard position, placed between the inexorable agents of their Government and the Bedouins. The sheikh of a village near Aleppo came out to ride some distance with the Christian travellers. The tale he had to tell was melancholy enough. The Bedouins, he said, used to levy black-mail on him, protecting him in return against the tax-collectors. Ten years before, the Turks sent a force of mounted riflemen, who kept the Bedouins at a distance and collected contributions for the State. At the outbreak of the war that flying corps was withdrawn. The Bedouins returned, exacted the full arrears of their black-mail, and further revenged themselves by refusing to interfere with the tax-gatherers who collected the increased war-taxes. Another class greatly to be pitied were the prisoners, who experienced precisely the same treatment whether under sentence following on conviction or while merely waiting their trial. Captain Cameron describes the scene in the prison of Bab, a small town only eighteen miles from Aleppo. In a vast arched chamber on the ground-floor, enclosed in front by a massive wooden grating and guarded by sentries with loaded muskets, were crowded together prisoners of all ages, some in chains and some unfettered. The offences they were charged with ranged from murder to inability to pay the Government taxes. Those who had money might buy food and tobacco; and in their Oriental acquiescence in the decrees of destiny they made themselves merry enough. The majority who had no money were in the extremity of starvation, so that the innocent peasant, who was merely a pauper, suffered far more than the murdering robber who had had the opportunity of emptying the purse of his victim. At the same time Captain Cameron remarks that no actual cruelty was intended. The state of things was simply due to the indifference which leaves an exhausted beast of burden to be devoured alive by jackals and vultures, instead of mercifully putting it out of its misery. As for the Christians, who were full of grievances which they expressed with much voluble plausibility, their lot seemed to be in no way exceptionally lamentable. Though they might have difficulty in obtaining redress for some particular outrage, their complaints of injustice when they were asked to state them in detail generally resolved themselves into vague generalities.

The hospitality which Captain Cameron received might sometimes have been oppressive to a man who had not gone through a course of rough cookery among the native chieftains of Central Africa. One improvised banquet which he describes was a fair sample of many. It was offered by a certain Mohammed Pasha, who had the reputation of being a notorious robber, and had stolen the affix of "Pasha" among other things. He had given

* *Our Future Highway.* By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., Commander, R.N. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

himself rank as a Pasha by corrupting his family name, and found the title serviceable. Whether robber or not, Mohammed seems to have been a fine fellow, fond of adventure, sport, society, and good living, though his cooking left much to be desired according to Western ideas. On the centre of the carpet was served "a huge platter, on which was a pile of rice deluged with ghee, surmounted by a boiled sheep, chopped up into little pieces without any regard to joints or proportions of fat, lean, and gristle." This was surrounded by bowls of lentil soup and piles of Arab bread, and succeeded by a second course in which "figs, mutton, honey, rice, fowls, and soup were impartially mixed together by the company." An obtrusively hospitable old gentleman seated next to Captain Cameron kept a watchful eye on the proceedings of his guest, stuffing him like a capon with unctuous morsels rolled up in the form of balls, whenever he showed signs of flagging. But their travelling life, on the whole, was a varied and healthy one; and habitual exercise invigorated the digestive powers. As the march often followed the banks of the river, Captain Cameron had fair sport among waterfowl; and, though unsuccessful in his attempts on the wild boar, had some exciting days among the islands and jungles of the Tigris. But what he chiefly enjoyed was coursing the gazelle with greyhounds, having been fortunate in picking up some excellent dogs, and still more lucky in being admirably mounted. The day may come when through travellers to our Eastern possessions by the Tigris valley route will break the journey among the mud flats of Mesopotamia for coursing and a little winter wild-fowl shooting.

IWANOFF'S BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.*

THESE Biblical compositions from the hand of a distinguished Russian painter present unaccustomed phases of art and conditions of mind. They take a new view of old themes—the Annunciation, the Announcement of the Angel to the Shepherds, and the Message to take the young Child and the Mother into Egypt; subjects which have grown somewhat threadbare under the reiterations of early and late Italian masters are here clothed afresh and reanimated by a life-giving spirit. And yet any originality which they may appear to possess may be assigned to ascertained causes. In the first place, we have here the voice of the Russian—that is, of the Greek—Church; hence these illustrations of the Old and New Testament differ from the readings of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raffaele, and other masters who laboured in the service of the Latin Church. And then, again, this allegiance to the Greek Church and to the Empire of the East naturally induces an affiliation to the art types and traditions of Byzantium; hence in these compositions are found surviving pictorial traits which throughout Western Europe have long since died out. Further, it is not to be forgotten that Alexander Iwanoff was by birth and in his sympathies Russian; and accordingly his style stands aloof from Southern systems, and claims close consanguinity with Northern lands and semi-civilized races, reflecting ethnological types which hitherto have been strangers to the world of art. The combined products of these causes strike the English eye as somewhat abnormal; yet all the more do these reproductions from the portfolios of an artist who in arduous endeavour was sustained by noble motive open a field for interesting speculation.

The life and labours of Alexander Iwanoff are little known beyond the Russian frontier, and the notice accompanying these chromo prints tells little more than that the painter was born in 1806 and died in 1858. We will add a few data which happen to have fallen under our own observation. The rise of modern art in Russia has been rapid; the growth can hardly be said to be indigenous to the soil, for there was no natural stratum out of which the stunted plant could spring; and so flower and fruit had to be fostered and forced as exotics. In fact, it soon became evident that Russia could not easily rear at home the art she needed, and that the shortest way was to transplant the painter bodily to warmer latitudes and brighter skies, where such latent talents as might exist would meet with the best chance of development. Accordingly a branch of the St. Petersburg Academy was founded on the banks of the Tiber, and students, finding the surroundings congenial, not unfrequently prolonged their sojourn in the Eternal City indefinitely; and hence it happens that the rarest products of the Russian school, such as the designs here before us, have been nurtured and matured in Italy. Iwanoff, though looked upon by the community of artists dwelling in Rome as a recluse, belonged to a goodly company. Almost all the great painters of Russia, such as Lossenko, Bruloff, Bruni, Neff, Gay, and Flavitsky, men who made a name throughout Europe by master-works like "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "The Brazen Serpent"—large, ambitious pictures, honoured by conspicuous positions within the Hermitage at St. Petersburg—perfected their academic and eclectic styles by persistent study in Rome. Alexander Iwanoff, in common with our countryman John Gibson, spent the best part of his life there; the thirty years during which he struggled to express noble thoughts in adequate pictorial form were associated with the labours of Thorwaldsen,

Overbeck, Cornelius, and Gibson, all intent in their several ways on securing to the art of Central and Northern Europe a sound and vital revival.

Alexander Iwanoff overtaxed his physical power, though perhaps he scarcely over-rated his mental capacity, in pledging himself to immortality by one tremendous effort—a composition of thirty-five life-size figures representing the baptism of St. John on Jordan's banks with Christ appearing to the assembled people. The appreciative critic Count Raczynski, judging from preliminary studies, predicted that the picture would make an epoch in Russian art; and when we saw the completed work in the painter's studio about the year 1856, it had become the public talk of Rome. The artists in the Café Greco were unanimous in its praise; but Russia had hardly time to verify the verdict passed in its favour while fame or reward could come to the painter himself. The picture is in conception eminently original, as indeed are the designs now brought before the public. The multitude, draped and undraped, are gathered on the banks of the Jordan awaiting baptism; the Saviour in the distance approaches, but He is yet alone, and the silence and the solitude of the situation become impressive. The Baptist, clad in camel's hair, a dweller in woods and desert places, exclaims with upraised arms, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The art, as in the compositions here reproduced, is abnormal; the types are of a race almost aboriginal in form and physiognomy; the scene is laid neither in Italy nor in Palestine, but somewhere apparently far away as the wilds of Central Asia or Northern Siberia. Such are the wide-stretching geographic and ethnographic materials which Iwanoff gathered within the circuit of his far from homogeneous art. The painter died shortly after the victory he won. And the picture which we knew in Rome ere it had obtained distinction or gained a worthy destination, we met ten years later holding a conspicuous place in the public gallery of Moscow. The traits which strike Western Europeans as strange in type seem to seize strongly on the minds of the faithful in the Eastern or Russian Church. The popularity achieved by this almost repellent composition is attested by its publication as a coloured print sold in the streets at the price of a few pence. The Russian peasant has a craving for Biblical and legendary engravings, displayed and sold largely during fairs and at places of pilgrimage. The scenes depicted, as in the Biblical series before us, are usually stimulating and sensational; they bring into play the machinery of the supernatural, they abound in miracle. But poor Iwanoff, as we have indicated, did not live to enjoy the popularity which his highly seasoned art was sure in the end to win. We seem to see him now—silent and sad, careworn and broken in health—as he stood before the immense canvas into which for the space of twenty years he had breathed his thoughts and aspirations. He had borne up against poverty, he had struggled manfully through obscurity, and then, as the goal was reached, he died. Even in the proverbial calamities of genius few stories are more touching. But Russian artists overtax their powers, and are prone to break down prematurely under the severe tension. Flavitsky collapsed from want of rest, Bruloff died in harness, and Iwanoff barely lived to see his life's work accomplished.

Till the appearance of the present publication a reasonable account could hardly be given of how twenty or thirty years were overborne with labour, and why the artist at length sank under ill-requited efforts. The great picture of which we have spoken is not in itself adequate cause. But it now becomes apparent how during this protracted period the painter was maturing in thought and elaborating in form a series of more than two hundred compositions setting forth the dealings of God with the children of men. On the death of the painter in 1858 this pictorial Bible descended to his brother, an architect, and then, on the decease of the brother in 1877, the designs came by bequest to the German Archaeological Institute of Rome, as universal legatee, accompanied with the condition that "these scenes from the Old and New Testament should be published." An announcement signed by the President on behalf of the Institute states that the Directorate are anxious that this obligation should be carried out in conformity with the will of the testator, and in a manner worthy of his intention. They declare their conviction that the work will find a favourable reception not only in Russia, where the name of Iwanoff is in every mouth, but also in other countries. The painter, it is added, by the richness and vividness of his imagination and by the power of his representation, ranks among the most gifted artists of the new epoch. Further, it is anticipated that his compositions will raise special interest by a remarkable individuality or idiosyncrasy, which must be traced back to Russia, the native land of the artist. In the course of the publication a biography is promised which will assign to the painter his position in the history of art. The entire work will contain 232 plates.

These Biblical illustrations go far to justify the preceding encomium, though their somewhat fantastic or fanatic character may shock minds attempered to more moderate styles. One characteristic which cannot fail to strike the most casual observer is the bold and imaginative treatment of angels, such as may have been present in the vision of St. John in Patmos—beings of preternatural size and power, arrayed with four-fold wings, and environed with iridescent and light-emitting glories. The angel closing the eyes of Zacharias approaches with slow, solemn, and stately step, while the arm is stretched forth as with divine volition; the figure is statuesque, and sustains a poise between motion and rest, being both, yet neither. The Angel appearing to St. Joseph in a Dream shares, with others, Byzantine

* *Darstellungen aus der heiligen Geschichte; hinterlassene Entwürfe von Alexander Iwanoff.* Im Auftrage der Central-Direction des Kaiserlich Deutschen Instituts für Archäologische Correspondenz. Berlin and London: Asher & Co. 1879.

scale and immobility—traits which Cimabue, amid the early revivalists, took as an inheritance from the Eastern hemisphere of sacred art. The painter in many passages seems to catch inspiration from the glowing and mystic visions of Ezekiel; the angels are clothed in the bird-like wings of cherubim; they are orbéd within moonlike spheres wherein are set wheels of radiating light and glory. Such scenes recall Ezekiel's vision—"Then the glory of the Lord went up from the cherub, and stood over the threshold of the house; and the house was filled with the cloud, and the court was full of the brightness of the Lord's glory. And the sound of the cherubim's wings was heard even to the outer court." The reader will readily believe how much of Oriental splendour shines within these designs. The golden seven-branch candlestick sheds a flood of rainbow colour within the court of the Temple, and light, with rays darting from the centre of all light, pierces as an all-searching eye, and dispels darkness from the place of revelation. We have seldom recognized in art so full a sense of the supernatural.

It is scarcely needful to wait for the promised biography to form an estimate of Iwanoff, and to assign to his creations their true position in the history of art. As already indicated, the style is impressed with the statuesque stateliness, and with somewhat of the stolidity, of the arts which centred in Constantinople—arts which still live and germinate on Mount Athos, as well as in the monasteries of Russia. Also, as before stated, these designs are flushed and fired with Oriental colour, a colour which, like that of Venice, has been reflected as an after-glow from the splendour of the East. And going still further eastward, from the shores of the Bosphorus to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, we find that the painter has borrowed from the bas-reliefs of Assyria the ample angel-wings which, like sails, float in air, or fall as ample draperies round the feet upon the ground. Yet one more noteworthy circumstance is that the simplicity of every-day nature is permitted a place within the sphere of the supernatural. Accordingly, St. Zacharias and St. Joseph appear as no other than old men, and the shepherds in the fields among the sheep, startled in their slumber, make no pretence to be more than ordinary peasants. By this approach to nature Iwanoff in the Russian school divides himself from the party of stagnation and of finality, and allies his art to action and progress. The churches in St. Petersburg and Moscow, richly adorned with paintings, are divided between styles old and new; the historic school of the past, coeval, at least in manner if not in date, with the mosaics in Ravenna, Torcello, and Venice on the one hand, and on the other the modern school of the present day, which takes models from actual life and seeks to represent and realize nature just as she is. Iwanoff holds a happy mean between these two extremes; he reconciles in good degree the real with the ideal, the secular with the sacred, the natural with the superhuman. The Russian Church, in the interpretation put upon the second commandment, denies herself the use of graven images; but just in proportion as she eschews statues does she espouse warmly the art of painting. Hence a wide field is open to these illustrations from the sacred narrative. Many pictorial Bibles have been attempted, but Iwanoff differs from all his predecessors. He is not so formal and academic as Raffaele or Schnorr; he is not so exclusively spiritual as Overbeck; he does not introduce as much of outward and landscape nature as Doré among the French, Schirmer among the Germans, or Martin and Danby here at home. Among our English artists perhaps the position of Iwanoff may be more nearly found somewhere between Fuseli, Blake, and Stothard; and the approach would be all the closer if it had so chanced that the art of these painters had, like that of this great Russian designer, been identified with the Greek Church and the Byzantine Empire.

MARK TWAIN'S TRAMP ABROAD.*

MR. MARK TWAIN started for Europe in March 1878, with the intention of course of writing a book about what he did and saw. The result is the two volumes called *A Tramp Abroad*; and the first fault which a person who reads through the two volumes will probably be inclined to find with them is that they are two instead of one. On the other hand, nobody but a reviewer would dream of reading straight through the volumes. They are things to be taken for a spell and then laid down again until another idle half-hour is ready to be filled up. This would perhaps make a sufficient general answer to the reviewer's complaint; but it will not account for the carelessness with which, in the English edition, a good deal of matter which is obviously out of place is retained in the second volume. It may be interesting to some American readers to have put before them extracts from exceedingly well-known books about Alpine climbing; but it can hardly be interesting to any English readers. There is something not altogether unpleasant in the simplicity with which the author waxed enthusiastic about the "imposing Alpine mass" of the Rigi; but one may have too much of that sort of thing. Besides, calling the Rigi by this grandiloquent name leaves the writer rather at a loss what to say

about the Matterhorn. He gets out of it with some ingenuity by the help of such phrases as "colossal wedge," "sky-cleaving monolith," and "Napoleon of the mountain world." In speaking of the Matterhorn, by the way, Mr. Twain constantly refers to "Lord Douglas," although in one of the extracts above referred to the title occurs more than once, and is of course correctly given. However, if there are certain parts of Mr. Twain's volumes which are dull (and there is one story of an imaginary expedition the dullness of which, relieved by a very few bright touches, is monstrous and overwhelming), there are also plenty of passages, stories, bits of observation, scraps of character and conversation, and so forth, which are delightfully bright and clever. And a practised reader can always skip the dull parts.

One of the most pleasing instances of Mr. Twain's powers is found very early in the book. He wandered into the beautiful Heidelberg woods, and was standing in meditation beneath the pine-trees. A raven croaked. He looked up and saw the bird observing him, and felt as a man feels who finds that a stranger has been secretly watching him. "I eyed the raven and the raven eyed me. Nothing was said during some seconds. Then the bird stepped a little way along his limb to get a better point of observation, lifted his wings, stuck his head far down below his shoulders toward me, and croaked again—a croak with a distinctly insulting expression about it. If he had spoken in English, he could not have said any more plainly than he did say in raven, 'Well, what do you want here?'" This was bad enough, especially as Mr. Twain's refusal to bandy words with a raven only encouraged the adversary to the use of what was evidently the most horrible language. But when, not content with this, the raven called to another raven, and the two together discussed Mr. Mark Twain with the most complete freedom, he felt that there was nothing for it but flight, and he was probably right. This incident reminds him of Jim Baker, a simple-hearted, middle-aged miner who lived all alone in a corner of California, and had studied the beasts and birds around him so closely that he got, as he said, to understand everything they said. He found that some animals have a very limited language, and are unable to use any adornments of speech, while others have a fine and ready command of brilliant words and phrases, which they enjoy exhibiting. After long and careful consideration he had settled that the blue-jays were the best talkers he had found among birds and beasts:—

There's more to a blue jay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feelings than other creature; and mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And as for command of language—why you never see a blue-jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him! And another thing: I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue-jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited, once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, night, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts, and instincts, and feelings, and interests, cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five, a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue-jay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue-jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to me—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing: in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a blue-jay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humour, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he'd better take in his sign, that's all. Now I'm going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some blue-jays.

The "perfectly true fact" occupies the next chapter, and is well worth reading. To tell it in any words but those of Jim Baker would be to spoil it.

The author has naturally a good deal to say about the Heidelberg students, and he devotes considerable space to the duels of the Corps-Students, those curious encounters which take place at the Hirsch-Gasse, and which have been more than once briefly described in these columns. Mr. Twain seems to have been fortunate or unfortunate in seeing, on the day when he visited this place, a succession of unusually ghastly duels, and his impression of the whole proceedings was a good deal more serious than we should have expected. However, no doubt most of these duels do look ugly enough, and possibly Mr. Twain has deliberately heightened his description, for the sake of contrast to the very amusing skit upon a French duel which follows his serious account of the Hirsch-Gasse and its occupants. In some particulars this account is curiously incorrect. Mr. Mark Twain describes the *schläger* as "quite heavy." He has not noted that it is a weapon absolutely useless except for the artificial student-duelling, and, as he has given so much space to these unique and somewhat barbaric contests, it is a pity that it did not occur to him to try to throw some light on the origin of the *schläger*, that curious blade which resembles a sharp-edged harlequin's bat made

* *A Tramp Abroad*. By Mark Twain, Author of "The Innocents Abroad," "The New Pilgrim's Progress," &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

in steel and fitted with a solid claymore-like hilt. So lately as in Crab Robinson's time the student duels were fought with small swords, fitted with a button not on, but near, the point, so as to avoid the chance of a fatal wound, while admitting a visible and tangible puncture. How the altogether abnormal arm now in use was developed we have never been able to discover, in spite of many inquiries. That there is science in its employment there is no doubt; but the one fact that the heavily-padded right arm is constantly brought into requisition in the fashion of a shield to receive the adversary's blows, will show at once how useless, except indeed as a kind of corollary to backword play, the science is. Mr. Twain dwells, by no means unjustly, on the endurance exhibited by Corps-Students in taking, without any signs of pain, cuts on the face, which always look ugly, must be considerably painful, and may, if neglected, be highly dangerous. The contrast between this endurance and the rule of the game which stops a duel for the slightest scratch on the hand caused by the flexible blade making its way inside the hilt opposed to it is curious. Mr. Twain, in connexion with the student-duels, informs his readers that a Corps-Student's wearing a riband across his breast indicates that he has fought three decisive duels and is "free"—that is, can refuse all but serious duels without reproach. As a matter of fact, it signifies that he has ceased to be a *fuchs*, or freshman, and, having become a *bursch*, or full member of the corps, has more fighting on his hands than he had before. We may note in passing that a *fuchs* in a duel wears a cap which gives some slight protection to the head, while a *bursch* fights bareheaded.

From his French duel the author goes on to the theatre at Mannheim, where he heard *Lohengrin*, as to which he has some astoundingly stupid would-be-humorous remarks to make. What he says, however, of the considerate behaviour of members of German audiences in never disturbing their companions is both true and well worth attention. Apparently his account of a raft journey is genuine, and some of the bits of description in connexion with this have truth and vigour. The truth and humour of his account of his getting lost at dead of night in the dark in his own bed-room can perhaps be only appreciated by people who have gone through the same experience, and for the sake of the world at large it is to be hoped that such people are few. In the course of his journeys Mr. Twain fell in with a wonderful guide-book written from the German a long time ago by an Englishman. Of this it is only fair to leave Mr. Twain to expound the humours, but we cannot resist giving a few quotations from a rival production which was presented to him under the title *Catalogue of Pictures in the old Innacotek* (at Munich). Among the descriptions are:—

Portrait of a young man. A long while this picture was thought to be Bindi Altoviti's portrait; now somebody will again have it to be the self-portrait of Raphael.

Susan bathing, surprised by the two old men. In the background is the Lapidation of the condemned.

A larder with greens and dead game animated by a cook-maid and two kitchen-boys.

And the work contains this warning:—

It is not permitted to make use of the work in question to a publication of the same contents as well as to the pirated edition of it.

Some of the best things in the book are to be found, where they are placed with a probably conscious air of pedantry, in the appendices at the end of the second volume. For instance, in an Appendix on the German language, we have this practical illustration of some of its difficulties:—

TALE OF THE FISHWIFE AND ITS SAD FATE.

(*I capitalise the nouns, in the German (and ancient English) fashion.*)

It is a bleak Day. Hear the Rain, how he pours, and the Hail, how he rattles; and see the Snow, how he drifts along, and oh, the Mud, how deep he is! Ah, the poor Fishwife, it is stuck fast in the Mire; it has dropped its Basket of Fishes; and its Hands have been cut by the Scales as it seized some of the falling Creatures; and one Scale has even got into its Eye, and it cannot get her out. It opens its Mouth to cry for Help, but if any Sound comes out of him, alas! he is drowned by the raging of the Storm. And now a Tomcat has got one of the Fishes, and she will surely escape with him. No; she bites off a Fin, she holds her in her Mouth—will she swallow her? No; the Fishwife's brave Mother-Dog deserts his Puppies and rescues the Fin, which he eats himself as his Reward. O horror! the Lightning has struck the Fishbasket! he sets him on Fire; See the Flame, how she licks the doomed Utensil with her red and angry Tongue! Now she attacks the helpless Fishwife's Foot—she burns him up, all but the big Toe, and even she is partly consumed; and still she spreads, still she waves her fiery Tongues! She attacks the Fishwife's Leg and destroys it; she attacks its Hand and destroys her; she attacks its poor worn Garment and destroys her also; she attacks its Body and consumes him; she wreathes herself about its Heart and it is consumed; next about its Breast, and in a Moment she is a Cinder; now she reaches its Neck—he goes; now its Chin—it goes; now its Nose—she goes. In another Moment, except Help come, the Fishwife will be no more! Time presses—is there none to succour and save? Yes! Joy, joy! with flying Feet the she-English-woman comes! But alas! the generous she-Female is too late! Where now is the fated Fishwife? It has ceased from its Suffering; it has gone to a better Land; all that is left of it for its loved Ones to lament over is this poor smouldering Ash-heap. Ah, woful, woful Ash-heap! Let us take him up tenderly, reverently, upon the lowly Shovel, and bear him to his long Rest, with the Prayer that when he rises again it will be in a Realm where he will have one good square responsible Sex, and have it all to himself, instead of having a mangy lot of assorted Sexes scattered all over him in Spots.

Mr. Twain's volumes are, to quote a pantomime clown's phrase, very "loose and careless," and he has sometimes reached intense dulness in the desire to be funny. He is perhaps more irritating, however—and it may be added offensive—when he writes seriously,

as in the chapter on "Indecent License in Art," concerning things of which he evidently has no sort of comprehension. But, we repeat, to people who know how to skip, and how to read, if they do read them, such passages as the one referred to without feeling annoyed, the book is sure to furnish a good deal of genuine amusement.

CLASSICS, LATIN AND GREEK.*

OUR readers will scarcely need to be reminded that, among editors of classics for the use of schools or colleges, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick has made the *Æneid* peculiarly his own; and a little consideration of the particular theme which he now undertakes will excite special interest, inasmuch as the Seventh and Eighth Books open and carry forward the second half of Virgil's epic—the Roman Iliad of battle succeeding the Odyssey of wanderings. The Seventh Book opens what may be called a new "diorama," in which pass in rapid succession "battle-pieces, sea adventures, councils of gods, single combats, feasts and funerals, splendid scenes and similes." Few efforts of epic genius transcend the account of Alecto's execution of Juno's bidding in rousing Amata, the Matrons, Turnus, and the Tuscan peasants to bitter hostility against the Trojan interlopers. The prefatory notes of the Introduction furnish all the needful prolegomena as to story, style, and similes; indeed we are not sure that the repetition of all this in each volume is not a needless concession to the theory that schoolboys use up a book in a term. But it is simply fair to add that in the commentary there is no repetition. Perhaps the true aim of the editor of such a brief commentary should be to give the learner a distinct view of the poet's mind, even in such parenthetical clauses as where, in speaking of the tomb of Æneas's nurse, the reservation "Si qua est ea gloria" (v. 4) qualifies the fame attaching to her sepulture there, because that honour may be naught, i.e. if Caieta cannot know or feel it—"a reference," says Conington, "to the insensibility of the dead." The transitive sense of "resonat," "makes echo"; the intransitive use of "posuere" in vv. 12 and 27; the probable interpretation in 37 of "Que tempora rerum," i.e. "each deed in due order," or "the times of all that befell"; and the coupling of "advena," a substantive, with "exercitus" as "the stranger-host" adjectivally, are severally noted, and give promise of similar exactitude to the end of the two books. But this eye to minutiae does not interfere with such needful stage directions, so to speak, as the hint on the passage 36-37, that the poet's pausing at this point to invoke the Muse indicates a solemn and critical moment. In like manner the editor points out that in the account (vii. 107-147) of the fateful cakes, where the Harpies in the Third Book had portended a famine, driving them to eat their tables, the solution is a prophecy fulfilled to the ear, though not to the sense. And so too he has a word of explanation in matters of conflicting geographical details, e.g. at vii. 84, where Latinus "lucos sub altâ consultat Albunea, &c.," here the commentator seems driven to the conclusion that the Albunea of the text is not the Sibyl of Tibur, thirty miles off, but a shrine near some sulphur springs at Laurentum. Mr. Sidgwick has always laid great stress as an exponent of Virgil on questions of mythology and antiquarian interest, as witness his note in v. 180 as to Janus, "a genuine old Latin deity, god of morning and of gates, in fact, of beginnings," hence of gateways, as entrances and beginnings of expeditions. "It was like the Romans," as Mommsen (i. 173) remarks, "with their love of abstractions, to have a god of beginnings." A good specimen of the whole is the episode of Silvia's stag. How easily a well-practised scholar can conjure light out of darkness is seen in a single elucidation of Mr. Sidgwick's on the line 498, "Nec dextræ erranti deus abfuit." "Erranti," we are told, "is proleptic and gives the result of the verb"; "Nor did the God leave his hand to falter." We may supplement Mr. Sidgwick's touches by one of Professor Conington's on 502, "Atque imploranti similis," where he notes that Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis* talks of the beseeching eyes of a hunted stag.

Not less interesting in its way is the next group of school books on our list, each containing a sample of the soldier-historian and essayist, Xenophon—namely, two editions of one of his later opuscula, the *Agæsilæus*, which reads like a somewhat overdrawn piece of hero-worship, and Mr. Pretor's edition of the concluding book of the *Anabasis*. Mr. Hailstone strikes us as conforming most closely to the exact type of a Pitt Press Series edition, being scrupulous to quote his references in full for every

* *P. Vergili Maronis Æneidos Libri VII, VIII.* Edited, with English Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cambridge: Pitt Press. 1879.

Agæsilæus of Xenophon. The Text Revised, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, &c., by H. Hailstone, M.A., late Scholar of Peter House, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

Xenophon's Agæsilæus. With Syntax Rules and References, Notes and Indices, by R. W. Taylor, M.A., Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock. London: Rivingtons. 1880.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book VI. With English Notes by A. Pretor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catharine's, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major De Senectute. By James S. Reid, M.L., M.A., Fellow and Assistant-Tutor of Gonville and Caius Colleges, Cambridge. Cambridge: Pitt Press. 1879.

Gaii Julii Caesaris de Bello Gallico Commentariorum I, II. With English Notes by A. G. Peskett, M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

construction, grammatical notice, or historical incident or comparison. In his prefatory discussion of the genuineness of the *Agésilas* he adduces cogent reasons why it should be admitted, when we consider the long familiarity of the author with Lacedæmonian customs, manners, and discipline, and his obvious prepossession in favour of them. He also brings to bear upon the text those passages of the *Hellenics* which at first sight seem to convict the historian of not being at one with the biographer, explaining the discrepancies by pointing out the different task which Xenophon set himself in either case. We should say, however, that Mr. Taylor's edition of the *Agésilas* is by far the pleasanter volume to study; the gist of all necessary collateral annotation is given explicitly and lucidly, without too much array of Greek, and certainly for young students, and perhaps also for others, it is likely to be the more popular book. We own to a sympathy with those critics who like Xenophon least in his character of panegyrist; in fact, the *Agésilas* lags after the first and second chapters, which in Mr. Taylor's headings are represented as "Agésilas in Asia," and "Agésilas in Europe." When we get beyond these to the contemplation of the undersized, halt, mean-looking hero's continence, moderation, vigour and patriotism—so easy to extol when the opposite picture is furnished by the effeminate Persian despots—the panegyric is apt to become wearisome. Out of these two first chapters, therefore, we select the few notes of either commentator for which we can find room. In i. § 6, at *ἐν μὲν νόος ὧν*, Mr. Taylor notes that Agésilas was then over forty, so that the expression seems hardly suitable; but Mr. Hailstone anticipates this objection by citing *Anab.* II. i. 13, where Phalimus addresses Xenophon—then thirty-two years of age—as *ὁ νεώτερος*. In i. § 7, on *τρίκοντα Σπαρτιατῶν*, Mr. Taylor notes that Agésilas required these as a sort of council of officers, since Spartan citizens did not, as a rule, go on foreign service. The *νεοδαμῶντες* of the context were the enfranchised Helots who had received their freedom as a reward for bravery in war, and of these Mr. Hailstone notes that they ranked in civil rights above the *Periœci*. In i. § 17, Xenophon says, in eulogy of his hero, "He was thought to have acted in this worthily of a general, in that when war was declared, and to deceive became thenceforward just and right, he demonstrated Tisaphernes a mere child in deceit"; and here Mr. Hailstone assists the clearing of the sense briefly effected by Mr. Taylor, by pertinent parallels from Plutarch, Thucydides, and the *Memorabilia*, to prove the ancient belief that all—even τὸ ἐξαπατᾶν—is fair in war. In § 21 of the same chapter, noticing the humane policy of Agésilas with reference to deserted children left behind by traders, whom he took care to have conveyed to some place without the camp, where they might be protected, both our editors note—Mr. Taylor succinctly, and Mr. Hailstone more at large and with a reference to Jelf's Greek Grammar—the correct use of the plural *συγκομίζοντο ποί*, because *παῖδάρα*, though neuter in form, is masculine in sense. So, also, as to the partitive character of the genitive in § 22, *τῶν κατὰ κράτος ἀναλῶν τευχέων*. That it may not be supposed that Mr. Taylor's succinctness of annotation leads him to omit aught that is vital to the elucidation of his subject, we might cite long and full historical notes in §§ 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, of the second chapter, where the omission of any prefatory prolegomena is simply made up for. He is also commendably alive to those comparisons of things ancient and modern which add double interest to the study of history; e.g., on i. § 34, speaking of the Eastern claim of homage and prostration, and Agésilas's abrogation of it, he recalls the fact that a similar claim has been in modern times, in such countries as China and Burmah, an impediment to diplomatic intercourse with Western nations.

Mr. Pretor's task in editing the Sixth or penultimate book of the famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" deals with only a limited range of events, between the Greeks' truce with Coryllas, King of Paphlagonia, and the arrival of the first separated, and then reunited, troops at the port of Calpe. In form and style of annotation it deals more with the manner than the matter of the text, which, by the way, appears more than usually perplexed in this book, though we are bound herein to commend Mr. Pretor's vigilance and acumen. The passage in c. i (§§ 23-30), which refers to Xenophon's reasons for declining the offer of the supreme command, and leaving it to devolve on Ocheisophus, suggests to Mr. Pretor matter for some acute and generally plausible notes, and affords him ground for a charge against Xenophon of declining it from motives of self-interest; indeed, as is shown in his own account (vi. i, § 31), it was not till he had exhausted all his series of excuses, and saw that he must try "something more" (*πλείονος ἐνδείον*), that he appealed to the ordeal of sacrifice. In i. § 18 of c. i. (cf. ii. § 12) it is well explained that *ἐκ τῆς νικώσης* (sc. *γνώμης*) is remarkable for an irregular use of *ἐκ*, where *κατὰ* with the accusative would be normal, and that its special force implies "At the suggestion of the decisive vote." Poppo translates "de sententia plurimum." In ii. 14 we are disposed to agree with Mr. Pretor that, by *αὐτῷ*, in *ἐπιτρέπει αὐτῷ*, Xenophon refers to Neon, not to himself.

The other classics in the group before us recall the groove in which school and college editions are apt to run, and of which we have had occasion to complain heretofore. Must we still hear Cicero *De Senectute* lectured on *ad infinitum*? Is there never to be a change from the books of Cæsar's Commentary on the Gallic War? Doubtless Mr. Reid's edition of the former contains much collateral matter of value and interest to mature students, and it may be handled with profit with a view to the acquirement

of Ciceronian Latin. He is especially instructive when he discusses such a word as "mancipium," and shows us how "emancipo" is susceptible of two such exactly opposite meanings as "to set free" and "to enslave oneself to." We constantly light upon some meicy of diction worth noting, e.g., in § 14, that "good lungs," as characteristic of an orator, are always "bona latera," never "pulmones"; that "propter," "hardly," used adverbially, is almost unprecedented out of Cicero; and that the repetition of the antecedent in the relative clause is not very uncommon in Cicero, though not so common as in Cæsar. The Dialogue itself has its interest as a sustained lecture on old age, based on models from Plato, Xenophon, Hippocrates, Aristotle, and others, and the delineation of Cato's character is noteworthy. To our mind, however, there is no chapter in it of greater interest than that which dwells on the pleasure which the aged derive from the pursuits of agriculture, and in which is described the process of *occatio*, or "harrowing," though the philosopher was wrong in his *unde derivatur*. "Occa," says Mr. Reid, is *rastrum*, probably from its sharp points (root *ak-*; so Corssen), *occatio* is harrowing. The date of the treatise is brought home to April 44 B.C.

Mr. Peskett's method of editing the Commentaries is such as to relieve them of the tedium arising from over-minute detail, while the careful comparison of the local knowledge collected in Napoleon III.'s *Cæsar* has been of manifest service in fixing particular localities. By far the chief interest of the Second Book concerns the day when Cæsar overcame the Nervii, the events of which are narrated by the great strategist with admirable clearness and candour. Doubtless the advent of the reserve under Labienus turned what might else have been a defeat into a victory, signalized by the conqueror as won over the most indomitable of foes; but it deserves commemoration how Cæsar fought himself in the ranks to rekindle the failing courage of his troops until such time as the reserve could come up. This battle offers a special field to Mr. Peskett for exact annotation of the text, from which we learn what a serious undertaking it was that the Nervii proposed to themselves, and how Cæsar's disposition of his forces foiled them. As a rule, Mr. Peskett's verbal notes are few, but sufficient. Such annotations as that on "de improvviso" = *ἐξ ἀπροσδοκήτου* (c. 3) ought to be made once for all, and the changes of construction from the "ratio directa" to "obliqua" ought not to be reiterated over much, so as to leave nothing to the learner's wits. There is more interest when we catch the great despatch-writer napping, as where in c. 5 "magno opere" and "quanto opere" are repeated within two words of each other, and convict the illustrious general of "hasty writing." We may add that, whenever there is room for explaining such technical terms as "legionem sub sarcinis adoriri" (c. 17), or "testudine factâ" (c. 6), the editor is most explicit and accurate in his elucidations. His geographical and topographical knowledge, too, is conspicuous.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PETER the Hermit (1) has always been one of the enigmatical figures of history. Great events are rarely brought about by insignificant agents, and, with every allowance for the temper of the age, it has seemed difficult to understand how an obscure person who never subsequently gave any indication of remarkable capacity or force of character should by mere power of speech have achieved the feat, traditionally ascribed to him, of "hurling Europe against Asia." It is now nearly forty years since Herr von Sybel in his History of the Crusades sought to transfer this dubious glory from Peter to Pope Urban II., and Herr Hagenmeyer now comes to his aid by a minute and detailed criticism on all the incidents of Peter's history as recorded by contemporary annalists. He certainly seems to establish that, although Peter may very probably have been subject to hallucinations, the legend of his vision at Jerusalem is a mere embellishment of the general fact. The account of Anna Comnena, who had conversed with him, distinctly implies that he did not succeed in reaching the Holy Sepulchre on his first pilgrimage, and that it was his disappointment at his failure, not a celestial commission, nor the entreaties of the Emperor Alexius, that incited him to preach the Crusade. Hagenmeyer further shows that the Crusade had been a project of Gregory VII., which his successor Urban might very naturally revive, especially under the stimulus of the embassy from Alexius, which appeared at the Council of Piacenza, six months before the actual assumption of the Cross at the Council of Clermont; and that there is not the slightest evidence of Peter having had any communication with the Pope prior to this latter Council, or even of his presence at it, although both are sufficiently probable. All such particulars are but the embellishments of later writers, which should have been propounded as plausible conjectures at the most. Herr Hagenmeyer's criticism seems unanswerable, and it inspires the more confidence as it is not pushed to extremes, but leaves the Hermit still in the position of an actual historical personage whose part in the great enterprise of his time was very considerable, although this was neither originated nor conducted by him. There seems little reason to doubt that he returned safely to his own country, and died as prior of a monastery founded by himself.

(1) *Peter der Eremit. Ein kritischer Beitrag zur Geschichte des ersten Kreuzzuges.* Von H. Hagenmeyer. Leipzig: Harrassowitz. London: Nutt.

Karl Grün's so-called History of the Culture of the Seventeenth Century (2) lapses insensibly into an ordinary narrative of political events, chiefly distinguished from other works of the class by the absence of the order and regularity which a stricter historical purpose would have imposed. The writer gossips pleasantly enough about a great number of interesting matters, and his opinions are in general sound and enlightened; but neither in narrative nor in disquisition does he rise for an instant above commonplace.

The story of Caroline von Linsingen (3) would make a very pretty addition to the *chronique scandaleuse* of the House of Hanover, if there were any truth in it. But, although it is credible that William IV., when Duke of Clarence, might have gained the affections of a young German lady under a promise of marriage, it is not credible that he should have been divorced from her so quietly that the world never heard of either transaction. It is even less credible that he should have made love in Hanover while living in England, where he appears, so far as we can discover, to have spent all his time between 1790 and 1792, the alleged date of these adventures. Mlle. von Linsingen certainly seems to have got hold of the wrong prince, which is a pity, for four other English princes actually were receiving their education in Germany in 1790. It will be for the anonymous editor of her letters to show whether there is any grain of truth at the bottom of her tale, for which a moderate amount of research might have prevented his making himself responsible. The story is conveyed in a number of letters written by her to her son-in-law at a later period of her life, and stated to have been discovered among the papers of the late Baron von Reichenbach. This is probably the fact, for they are accompanied by an essay "Upon Caroline's Sensitivity," which could hardly have been written by any one but the apostle of *od force*. The letters are couched in the high-flown sentimental style of the period to which they are attributed, and might pass muster fairly as compositions of Caroline von Linsingen; but one ascribed to the Duke of Clarence himself is a sore trial of the reader's faith. Mlle. von Linsingen will hardly take rank in history as a second Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it would be an interesting inquiry whether her story is an entire fabrication, and, if so, whether it may not, like the original draft of the Book of Mormon, have been originally intended as a romance.

General Müsele (4) appears to have been a meritorious officer of one of the minor German States; but the only remarkable incident in his career was his mission to Vienna in October 1848 as a Commissioner from the Frankfort Parliament, with the object of inducing Prince Windischgrätz to come to terms with the insurgent Viennese. He has left a lively account of the mission, which was inevitably a complete failure. Some miscellanies, autobiographical, critical, and political, make up the remainder of his writings.

The Life of Albertino Mussato (5), a poet and advocate of Padua and contemporary of Dante, affords some curious illustrations of the condition of the North Italian Republics at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He is further interesting as the author of the first drama upon a subject derived from Italian history, although written in Latin.

A comprehensive biography of Haydn, by R. Pohl, is in progress, with which the more recent biography of A. Reissmann (6) will hardly interfere. It is essentially a work for musicians, passing but lightly over the events of the composer's life, which were, indeed, not numerous or remarkable, and principally occupied with the analysis and exposition of his works. The author's excellent biography of Schumann is a guarantee for his competence in this particular, and the comprehension of his work is materially assisted by the numerous printed specimens of Haydn's music which it contains.

Dr. Pervanoglu's sketches of Greek life (7) would be a very pleasing book were it not so manifestly intended for foreign consumption. The writer holds a brief for his nation, and fatigues the reader with incessant encomiums of its virtues and apologies for its shortcomings, most of which might very well be taken for granted. The work is nevertheless interesting, from its pictures of manners and customs, its notices of local peculiarities, and its review of what has been done and what remains to be done in public works, education, and the restoration of the language to classic purity.

The first part of Dr. Wünsche's *Bibliotheca Rabbinica* (8) is devoted to Jewish commentaries on Ecclesiastes, which frequently show considerable ingenuity in setting aside awkward questions suggested by the apparent meaning of the writer, and sometimes real penetration. The most interesting part, however, is the collection of tales, anecdotes, and parables serving as illustrations of

the text, some of which are very suggestive from their characteristically Jewish colouring, and others from their analogies with the popular tales of other nations. One is substantially the same as the parable of the labourers who each received a penny, but the point is quite destroyed.

The genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles (9) attributed to St. Paul is notoriously one of the most difficult of the controversies relating to the canon of the New Testament. It is now once again investigated by Professor Holtzmann, one of the most eminent of German critical theologians and one of the least obnoxious to imputations of party spirit. Holtzmann's verdict is against the Epistles, on the ground of the difficulty of assigning them to any definite period in the life of St. Paul, their references, as he thinks, to questions and controversies of a later date, and their peculiarities of diction. They differ more in style, he says, from any of St. Paul's undoubted epistles than the earliest and the latest of these do from each other. He ascribes them to a period when the need of a stricter ecclesiastical organization was beginning to be felt, and considers them as the immediate precursors of the Pseudo-Ignatian Epistles.

Professor Keil's Commentary on Mark and Luke (10) is composed from a strictly orthodox point of view, but is purely critical and exegetical. It is dry, clear, erudite, and very full of matter, its brevity considered.

"Rome and Roman Life in Antiquity" (11) is the title of a popular, yet accurate and comprehensive, work by H. Bender, the first half of which appears in a cheap and handsome volume. The larger portion of this is devoted to a topography of the city, tracing its various changes from the early period when the Seven Hills were well-defined eminences, the sites of as many separate villages or fortresses, down to the time when the description of Poggio Bracciolini nearly corresponds with the features of the existing city. Chapters on Roman social and domestic arrangements conclude the volume, which is elegantly illustrated.

Dr. Manitius's "World of Language" (12) is a general review of the tongues of the earth in their intellectual and literary character. The first volume includes the languages of Asia, Africa, and Australia. The general physiognomy of the leading families of speech is ably characterized, and a fair, though concise, sketch of the spirit of the literature of each is added, with translations in many instances. The work makes no pretension to originality, but is well calculated to disseminate sound knowledge on the subject of which it treats.

Herr Faulmann's "Illustrated History of Alphabets" (13) is a professedly popular work, compiled from a great number of sources, and contributing little or nothing to the solution of the important philological problems connected with the subject. The compilation, however, seems to have been made with judgment, all the known alphabets of the world are noticed, and specimens given of them all, though these seldom comprise the whole of the alphabet. There are some interesting paleographical illustrations, and a useful appendix on printing and stenography.

The "Encyclopedia of Natural Science," (14) edited by Dr. G. Jäger and his associates, continues to make satisfactory progress. The last instalment of the mathematical section contains the conclusion of a treatise on planimetry, and the commencement of one on stereometry, both by Dr. Reidt. The articles in the zoological and anthropological section continue to be concise and well digested; and perhaps it is only prejudice which makes us impatient of what to the unaccustomed eye seems the singular mixture of Noah's ark with the gazetteer and the classical dictionary.

Dr. Hahn's discoveries (15) and his name conjoined irresistibly suggest associations with the idea of a cock and a bull. The theory that granite, gneiss, and serpentine should be of vegetable origin is sufficiently startling; but when the same assertion is made with respect to meteoric iron, we can but repeat with the Doctor himself, "besonders merkwürdig!" and express our humiliation that our countryman Sir William Thomson should be so far outdone. Dr. Hahn names the plant which he has discovered in shooting stars, "Astrosideron Quenstedti," and there certainly appears as much reason for believing in its vegetable origin as in that of the *Marmora Darwini*, which grows luxuriantly in the Doctor's writing-table, or of the *Stygia Rudolphi*, ejected from the crater of Pichincha along with other vegetable matter. It is only fair to add that Dr. Hahn's volume is accompanied with thirty plates of the streakings and dappings in stone which he takes for fossil plants, and that the resemblance is sometimes almost as close as that of acicular crystals to pins and

(9) *Die Pastoralbriefe. Kritisch und exegetisch behandelt.* Von H. J. Holtzmann. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Commentar über die Evangelien des Markus und Lukas.* Von C. F. Keil. Leipzig: Dörffling & Franks. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Rom und Römisches Leben im Alterthum.* Von H. Bender. Halbband I. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Sprachenwelt in ihrem geschichtlich-literarischen Entwicklungsgange zur Humanität.* Von H. A. Manitius. Bd. I. Leipzig: Koch. London: Nutt.

(13) *Illustrirte Geschichte der Schrift. Populär-wissenschaftliche Darstellung der Entstehung der Schrift, &c.* Von K. Faulmann. Wien: Hartleben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Encyclopädie der Naturwissenschaften.* Herausgegeben von Prof. G. Jäger, &c. Abth. I. Lief. 7, 8. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Die Urzelle, nebst dem Beweise dass Granit, Gneiss, Serpentin, Basalt, endlich Meteorstein und Meteoriten aus Pflanzen bestehen.* Von Dr. Otto Hahn. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Kulturgeschichte des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Karl Grün. Bd. I. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

(3) *Caroline von Linsingen, die Gattin eines englischen Prinzen. Ungedruckte Briefe und Abhandlungen.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Aus dem literarischen Nachlasse von J. L. Müsele.* Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(5) *Albertino Mussato.* Von J. Wychgram. Leipzig: Veit. London: Nutt.

(6) *Joseph Haydn. Sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von A. Reissmann. Berlin: Gutentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Culturbilder aus Griechenland.* Von Dr. J. Pervanoglu. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(8) *Bibliotheca Rabbinica. Eine Sammlung aller Midraschia zur ersten Male ins Deutsch übertragen.* Von Dr. A. Wünsche. Lief. I. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

needles, or of a well-known flint in the British Museum to a portrait of Chaucer.

The author of *Force and Matter* has collected a great number of instances attesting the capacity of animals for affection, compassion, self-denial, and other human virtues. Dr. Büchner's motive (16) is obviously to support the Darwinian theory; but, although this polemical intention has certainly imparted a bias to his book, it may be forgiven in consideration of the prettiness of many of the anecdotes he relates, and his eloquent exordium in praise of love as the animating principle of creation. Many—perhaps most—of the instances he produces in support of his views are insufficiently authenticated, but, with every deduction on this score, enough remains to prove that animals are a good deal more than mere machines.

The German language being confessedly the best adapted for translation of any in Europe, Herr Weizmann (17) is warranted in raising an outcry against negligent or ignorant translators who would take away its character. The translator of Daudet confounds *chouette* with *alouette*—a less excusable mistake than Juliet's; the translator of Dickens turns a *black glazed stock without a tie* into a *black lacquered stick without a knob*. There are a legion of other blunders equally amusing.

The *Rundschau* (18) has a suggestive, though brief, discourse by Professor Curteis, on the analogy between the history of Germany with that of Greece. The Professor considers that his countrymen have succeeded where Greece failed. Some may think that an analogy between Prussia and Macedon would have been more to the purpose. Ottokar Lorenz contributes an interesting account of Wallenstein's administration of his principality of Mecklenburg. Professor Brandes's acute and refined criticism of Prosper Mérimée exhibits him as the "Black Knight of the great Romantic Tournament"—a romanticist, partially disguising his tendencies under classical forms.

The *Russian Review* (19) perhaps betrays traces of its recent collision with the police in its careful avoidance of political topics, except in an article on Russian finance, which few but experts will be able to follow. The remainder of the number is chiefly occupied by two academical dissertations of a perfectly harmless character; one, a memoir of the philologist Schiefner, celebrated for his researches on Buddhism and on the Siberian languages; the other, a review of the progress of Russian geographical discovery during the reign of the present Czar.

(16) *Liebe und Liebes-Leben in der Thierwelt.* Von Dr. L. Büchner. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Dickens und Daudet in deutscher Uebersetzung.* Von Louis Weizmann. Berlin: Hermann. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 7. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 9. Hft. 2. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, the 29th instant, at the Society's Rooms, King's College, Strand, W.C. London, when a Paper will be read "On the Education and Training of the Children of the Poor," by Dr. F. J. MOUNT, F.R.C.S., &c. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

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11. Law. For the London University B.A. Degree. By Rev. A. W. MILBOT, M.A. On Tuesdays, at 11.15 A.M. To begin Tuesday, April 20.

12. Roman History, to the Death of Augustus. By A. HANKINS, B.A. On Mondays, at 10 A.M. To begin Monday, April 19.

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